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THE GOLDEN YEAR.

WE sleep and wake and sleep; but all things
move:

The sun flies forward to his brother sun;
The dark earth follows, wheeled in her eclipse;
And human things, returning on themselves,
Move onward, leading up the Golden Year.

Ah, though the times when some new thought
can bud

Are but as poet's seasons when they flower;
Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore,
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march;
And slow and sure comes up the Golden Year.

When wealth no more shall rest in moulded
heaps,

But, smit with freer light, shall slowly melt
In many streams, to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man,
Through all the seasons of the Golden Year.

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle. Happy days,
Roll onward, leading up the Golden Year!

Fly, happy, happy, sails, and bear the press—
Fly, happy with the mission of the Cross;
Knit land to land, and, blowing heavenward,
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toil,
Enrich the markets of the Golden Year.

But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's
good

Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the Golden Year?

TENNYSON.

THOUGHTS AT SUNRISE.

THE summer night is waning, and the morn
Breaks over steaming streams and silent fields,
With dim, far voices of the early dawn.

God and his world are now at peace; this
calm,

Even now, might deepen to eternity.

Oh, break it not! oh, stain it not! O God,
Stay thou that rising sun, nor let him rise
Once more upon the weary sin and strife,
And cries that curse him thro' the burning
blue!

Come hither, O ye sons of men! and kneel,—
Pray to a God ye never prayed to yet,
Who in his wide and wistful tenderness
Maketh each day the self-same dawn that
broke

On Eden,—that, remembering what ye were,
The Dawn's sweet innocence might call ye
back,—

An awful, mute appeal to turn again.

Nay, but he suffers in that Heaven of heavens.
About him are the deeps, Space, with her
sounds,

The Heaven, with all her dreams of star and
sun,

The singing of a thousand worlds; to him,
Serene, immortal beings bow them low.

All these are perfect, yet he hears afar,

In that dim, little planet that he loves,

Man jarring ever on his harmonies.

Aye, yearning in his cold and perfect worlds

For man who might have sympathy with him,

Move with conceptions vast and burning
thoughts

From beauty unto beauty, peopling worlds,

He grieves, though not the less a God for
grief.

Man is all out of tune with his design,

Who might have shared in that first splendid
thought,

Conception striving with an utter space,

Sound with eternal still that knew her not,

And light with the vague dark, till at the last

He struck his vast conception into bounds.

Still makes he for mankind the innocent dawn,

Noon, twilight, and the night, that makes the
heart

Break into singing at her shining stars.

Yet is man but a trembling worshipper,

Who heeds not that world-cry from Calvary—

A God appealing to the love of man,

Laying aside all terror and all power—

That should have echoed in him, made the
world

One fearless Heaven, without a thought of
Hell,—

Man, who can learn not through defeat and
death

Sorrow's last gift, a sympathy with God.

Spectator.

SCHUBERT'S SYMPHONY IN B MINOR.

I SHUDDER at the awful airs that flow

Across my soul; I hear crushed hopes that
wail

And flutter their brief wings and sudden
fail—

Wild tender cries that sing and dance and go

In wonderful sweet troops. I cannot know

What rends within my soul what unseen
veil,

And tells anew what strangely well-known
tale

Of infinite gladness and of infinite woe.

Was I long since thrust forth from Heaven's
door,

Where in that music I had borne my part?

Or had this symphony its birth before

The pulse of nature turned to laws of art?

O what familiar voice, from what far shore,

Calls to a voice that answers in my heart!

Academy.

H. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

From The Nineteenth Century.
DAILY LIFE IN A MEDIÆVAL MONASTERY.

It may be assumed as a fact which scarcely requires to be more than stated that there are few subjects which the great mass of Englishmen are so curiously ignorant of as the history of monasticism, of the constitution of the various orders, of the fortunes of any single religious house, or the discipline to which its members were, in theory at least, compelled to submit. The assumption being granted, it may naturally be asked, How is such ignorance to be accounted for? It is due to more causes than one, but chiefly and primarily to the vastness of the subject itself.

When the monasteries were suppressed by Henry VIII. there was an utter obliteration of an order of things which had existed in our island certainly for more than a thousand years, and how much longer it is impossible to say. The names of religious houses which are known to have existed before the Norman Conquest count by hundreds; the names of men and women who presided over such houses during the centuries preceding that event count by thousands. Some of these religious orders had passed through the strangest vicissitudes; they had been pillaged again and again; they had been burnt by Danish marauders; their inmates driven out into the wilderness or ruthlessly put to the sword; their lands given over to the spoiler or gone out of cultivation; their very existence in some cases almost forgotten; yet they had revived again and again from their ashes. When William the Conqueror came among us, and that awful rule of his began, there was scarcely a county in England and Wales in which one or more religious houses were not to be found, and during his reign of twenty-one years about thirty new monasteries of one sort or another were added to those already existing.

To begin with, the very word monastery is a misnomer: the word is a Greek word, and means the dwelling-place of a solitary person, living in seclusion. But, misnomer though it be, the employment of

the word in a sense so widely different from that which it first bore, until it got to designate the dwelling-place of a corporate body, among whom no solitude was allowed and privacy was almost impossible, is of itself very significant as indicating the stages through which the original idea of monasticism passed.

It was natural enough, when society was in a condition of profound disorganization, and sensuality and violence were in the ascendant, that men and women of gentle nature should become convinced that the higher life could only be lived in lonely retirement, far from the sound of human voices and the contact of human creatures, whose very nearness almost implies sin. But what a vast step from this to that other conviction which the developed form of monasticism expresses, when experience has convinced the devout searcher after God that no great work can be done in improving the world, or raising the tone of society, or in battling with our own weaknesses and vices, except by earnest, resolute, and disciplined co-operation! It is when we draw together that we are strong, and strongest when we are laboring shoulder to shoulder for some common object, and that no mean and sordid one; it is then that we best find deliverance from our self-deception and most inveterate delusions, whilst living in the light of others' eyes, and subjected to the influence and control of a healthy and well-instructed public opinion.

In the thirteenth century (and I shall as much as possible confine myself to the limits of that period), a monastery meant what we now understand it to mean — viz. the abode of a society of men or women who lived together in common — who were supposed to partake of common meals; to sleep together in the common dormitory; to attend certain services together in the common church; to transact certain business or pursue certain employments in the sight and hearing of each other in the common cloister; and, when the end came, to be laid side by side in the common graveyard, where in theory none but members of the order could find a resting-place for their bones. When I

say "societies of men and women" I am again reminded that the other term, "convent," has somehow got to be used commonly in a mistaken sense. People use the word as if it signified a religious house tenanted exclusively by women. The truth is that a convent is nothing more than a Latin name for an association of *persons* who have *come together* with a view to live for a common object and to submit to certain rules in the conduct of their daily lives. The monastery was the common dwelling-place: the convent was the society of persons inhabiting it; and the ordinary formula used when a body of monks or nuns execute any corporate act — such as buying or selling land — by any legal instrument is, "The Prior and Convent of the Monastery of the Holy Trinity at Norwich;" "the Abbot and Convent of the Monastery of St. Peter's, Westminster;" "the Abbess and Convent of the Monastery of St. Mary and St. Bernard at Lacock," and so on.

Bearing in mind, then, that the term convent has to do with a corporation of men or women united into an organized society, and that the term monastery can strictly be applied only to the buildings — the *domus* — in which that society had its home, it will be well at starting that we should endeavor to gain some notion of the general plan of these buildings first, and when we have done that, that we should proceed to deal with the constitution of the society itself and the daily routine of conventual life.

A monastery in theory, then, was, as it was called, a religious house. It was supposed to be the home of people whose lives were passed in the worship of God, and in taking care of their own souls, and making themselves fit for a better world than this hereafter. As for this world, it was lying in wickedness; if men remained in this wicked world they would most certainly become contaminated by all its pollutions; the only chance of ever attaining to holiness lay in a man's turning his back upon the world and running away from it. It was no part of a monk's duty to reform the world; all he had to do was to look after himself, and to save himself from the wrath to come. It is

hardly overstating the case if I say that a monastery was not intended to be a benevolent institution; and if a great religious house became, as it almost inevitably did become, the centre of civilization and refinement, from which radiated light and warmth and incalculable blessings far and wide, these results flowed naturally from that growth and development which the original founders had never looked forward to or could have foreseen, but it was never contemplated as an end to be aimed at in the beginning. Being a home for religious men, whose main business was to spend their days and nights in worshipping God, the first requisite, the first and foremost, the *sine quâ non* was, that there should be a church.

On the church of a monastery, as a rule, no amount of money spent, no amount of lavish ornament or splendor of decoration, was grudged. Sculpture and painting, jewels and gold, gorgeous hangings, and stained glass that the moderns vainly attempt to imitate, the purple and fine linen of the priestly vestments, embroidery that to this hour remains unapproachable in its delicacy of finish and in the perfect harmony of colors — all these were to be found in almost incredible profusion in our monastic churches. You hear some people work themselves into a frenzy against the idolatrous worship of our forefathers; but to a monk of a great monastery his church was his one idol — to possess a church that should surpass all others in magnificence, and which could boast of some special unique glory — that seemed to a monk something worth living for. The holy rood at Bromholm, the holy thorn at Glastonbury, were possessions that brought world-wide renown to the monasteries in which they were found, and gave a lustre to the churches in which they were deposited; and the intense *esprit de corps*, the passionate loyalty, of a monk to his monastery is a sentiment which we in our time find it so extremely difficult to understand that we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that it could exist and did exist without some subtle intermixture of crafty selfishness as its ruling force and motive.

The church of a monastery was the

heart of the place. It was not that the church was built for the monastery, but the monastery existed for the church; there were hundreds and thousands of churches without monasteries, but there could be no monastery without a church. The monks were always at work on the church, always spending money upon it, always adding to it, always "restoring" it; it was always needing repair. We are in the habit of saying, "Those old monks knew how to build; look at their work — see how it stands!" But we are very much mistaken if we suppose that in the twelfth or the thirteenth or the fourteenth century there was no bad building. On the contrary, nothing is more common in the monastic annals than the notices of how this and that tower fell down, and how this and that choir was falling into ruins, and how this or that abbot got into debt by his mania for building. There was an everlasting tinkering going on at the church; and the surest token that a monastery was in a bad way was if its church was in a shabby condition.

The church was, almost invariably, built in the form of a cross, facing east and west, the long limb of the cross being called the nave, the cross limbs being called the transepts, and the shorter limb, or head of the cross, being called the choir. The choir, as a rule, was occupied exclusively by the monks or nuns of the monastery. The servants, workpeople, and casual visitors who came to worship were not admitted into the choir; *they* were supposed to be present only on sufferance. The church was built for the use of the monks; it was *their* private place of worship.

Almost as essential to the idea of a monastery as the church was the cloister or great quadrangle, inclosed on all sides by the high walls of the monastic buildings. Its usual position was on the south of the church, to gain as much of the sun's rays as possible, and to insure protection from the northerly and easterly winds in the bitter season. All round this quadrangle ran a covered arcade, whose roof, leaning against the high walls, was supported on the inner side by an open trellis work in stone — often exhibit-

ing great beauty of design and workmanship — through which light and air was admitted into the arcade.* The open space not roofed in was called the *garth*, and was sometimes a plain grass-plot and sometimes was planted with shrubs, a fountain of running water being often found in the centre, which afforded a pleasant object for the eye to rest on. The cloister was really the living-place of the monks. Here they pursued their daily avocations, here they taught their school, they transacted their business, they spent their time and pursued their studies, always in society, co-operating and consulting, and, as a rule, knowing no privacy. "But a monk always lived in a cell!" I think you will be inclined to object. The sooner you get rid of that delusion the better. Until Henry II. founded the Carthusian Abbey of Witham, in 1178, there was no such thing known in England as a monk's *cell*, as we understand the term. It was a peculiarity of the Carthusian order, and when it was first introduced it was regarded as a startling novelty for any privacy or anything approaching solitude to be tolerated in a monastery. The Carthusian system never found much favor in England. The Carthusians never had more than nine houses, all told; the discipline was too rigid, the rule too severe, the loneliness too dreadful for our tastes and for our climate. In the thirteenth century, if I mistake not, there were only two monasteries in England in which monks or nuns could boast of having any privacy, any little corner of their own to turn into, any place where they could enjoy the luxury of retirement, any private study such as every boy nowadays, in a school of any pretension, expects to have provided for himself, and without which we assume that nobody could read and write for an hour.

* In other words the thirteenth-century monk passed far the greater portion of his time in the open air, except that there was a roof over his head. As time went on, and monks became more self-indulgent, they did not by any means like the draughts and exposure in the cloister, and the old-fashioned open arcades were glazed, and the old open walks were turned into splendid lounges, comfortable and luxurious, such as the glorious cloisters of Gloucester could be made into, at a small outlay, at the present day.

The cloister arcade was said to have four *walks*. The south walk ran along the south wall of the nave, the north walk was bounded by the refectory or great dining hall, the east walk extended along the south transept, and where the transept ended there usually came a narrow passage called a *stye*, passing between the end of the transept and the chapter-house, which may be described as the council-chamber of the convent. Beyond the chapter-house, and abutting partly upon the east wall of the cloister, but extending far beyond it till, in some cases, it made with the refectory a block of buildings in the form of a T, ran the dormitory or common sleeping-place for the fraternity. The dormitory was always approached by steps, for it was invariably constructed over a range of vaulted chambers, which served for various purposes; one of these chambers was set apart for the reception of those monks who had been subjected to the monthly bleedings which all were supposed to require, and which all were compelled to submit to, that so by a mechanical process, if in no other way, the flesh might be subdued. The beds of the monks were arranged along the walls of the dormitory, at regular intervals: and in some monasteries a wainscot partition separated the sleepers from each other, thus making for each a little cubicle, with a low door leading into it. The broad passage, running from end to end, between the sleeping-places in the dormitory was strewn with rushes; and at the end opposite to the flight of stairs were the latrines or washing-places, which were open to the air, and under which was always a sewer that could be flushed by a watercourse hard by.

In the dormitory and the latrines lights were kept burning through the night; a provision necessary, if for no other reason, because the services in the church at night-time had to be kept up and attended by the whole house. In going from the dormitory to the church the monks always passed under cover — sometimes by going through the cloister, sometimes by passing straight into the transept.

We have been round three sides of the cloister: on the north the church; on the east the chapter-house and dormitory; on the south the refectory. There remain the buildings abutting on the west wall. In the arrangement of these no strict rule was observed. But generally the western buildings were dedicated to the cellarer's hall with cellars under it, the pitancier's and kitchenier's offices, or *chequers* as they

were called, and a guest-chamber for the reception of distinguished strangers and for the duties of hospitality, to which great importance was attached.

These were the main buildings, the essential buildings of a monastery great or small. Where a monastery was rich enough to indulge in luxuries of "modern improvements and all the best appliances," there was hardly any limit to the architectural freaks that might be indulged in. There were the infirmary and the hospital; the calefactory or warming apparatus, the recreation hall and the winter hall, the locutorium and the common hall, and I know not what besides. You observe I have as yet said nothing about the library. I must remind you that in the thirteenth century the number of books in the world was, to say the least, small. A library of five hundred volumes would, in those days, have been considered an important collection, and, after making all due allowances for ridiculous exaggerations which have been made by ill-informed writers on the subject, it may safely be said that nobody in the thirteenth century — at any rate in England — would have erected a large and lofty building as a receptacle for books, simply because nobody could have contemplated the possibility of filling it. Here and there amongst the larger and more important monasteries there were undoubtedly collections of books, the custody of which was intrusted to an accredited officer; but the time had not yet come for making libraries well stored with such priceless treasures as Leland, the antiquary, saw at Glastonbury, just before that magnificent foundation was given as a prey to the spoilers. A library, in any such sense as we now understand the term, was not only no essential part of a monastery in those days, but it may almost be said to have been a rarity.

But if the thirteenth-century monastery possessed necessarily no great reading-room, the scriptorium, or writing-room, was almost an essential adjunct. In the absence of the printing-press, the demand for skilled writers and copyists throughout the country was enormous. In the scriptorium all the business, now transacted by half-a-dozen agents and their clerks, was carried on. The land of the country in those days was subdivided to an extent that it is now almost impossible for us to realize, and the tenure under which the small patches of arable or meadow land were held was sometimes very complex and intricate. The small patches were perpetually changing hands, being

bought or sold, settled upon trustees, or let out for a term of years, and every transaction would be registered in the books of the monastery interested, while the number of conveyances, leases, and enfeoffments made out in the course of the year was incalculable. In such an abbey as that of Bury St. Edmunds a small army of writers must have been constantly employed in the business department of the scriptorium alone. Obviously it became a great writing-school, where the copyists consciously or unconsciously wrote according to the prevailing fashion of the place; and there have been, and there are experts who could tell you whether this or that document was or was not written in this or that monastic scriptorium. Paper was very little used, and the vellum and parchment required constituted a heavy item of expense. Add to this the production of school-books and all materials used for carrying on the education work, the constant replacement of church service books which the perpetual thumbing and fingering would subject to immense wear and tear, the great demand for music which, however simple, required to be written out large and conspicuous, in order to be read with ease, and you get a rather serious list of the charges upon the stationery department of a great abbey. But though by far the greater portion of work done in the scriptorium was mere office work, the educational department, if I may so term it, being subsidiary, it must not be forgotten that the literary and historical department also was represented in the scriptorium of every great monastery. In the thirteenth century men never kept diaries or journals of their own daily lives, but monasteries did. In theory, every religious house recorded its own annals, or kept a chronicle of great events that were happening in Church and State. Where a monastery had kept its chronicle going for a long time, it got to be regarded almost as a sacred book, and was treated with great veneration: it lay in a conspicuous place in the scriptorium, and was under the care of an officer who alone was permitted to make entries in it. When any great piece of news was brought to the monastery that seemed worth putting on record, the person giving the information wrote out his version of the story on a loose piece of parchment, and slipped his communication into the book of annals for the authorized compiler to make use of in any way that seemed best to him, after due examination of evidence. This was the

rule in all monastic houses. Unfortunately, however, as it is with the journals or diaries of men and women of the nineteenth century, so it was with the journals and diaries of monks of the thirteenth, they evidently were kept by fits and starts; and before the fourteenth century was half out, the practice of keeping up these diaries in all but the larger monasteries had come to an end.

Before passing on from the library and scriptorium, on which a great deal more might easily be said, it is necessary that one caution should be given; I know not how the notion originated or how it has taken such hold of the minds of ninety-nine out of a hundred, that the monks as a class were students or scholars or men of learning; but, as far as the English monasteries of the thirteenth century are concerned, I am sure that it is altogether erroneous. If we except some few of the larger and nobler monasteries, which from first to last seem always to have been centres of culture, enlightenment, and progress, the monks were no more learned than the nuns. As a class, students, scholars, and teachers they were not. When King John died, in 1216, a little learning went a long way, and whatever the Norman Conquest did for England (and it did a great deal), it certainly was not an event calculated to increase the love of study, or likely to make men bookish pundits.

I should only confuse my readers if I dwelt more at length upon the buildings of a monastery. It is enough for the present that we should understand clearly that the essential buildings were (1) the church, (2) the cloister, (3) the dormitory, (4) the refectory, (5) the chapter-house. In these five buildings the life of the convent was carried on. Having said thus much we will pass on to the corporation itself — that which strictly was called the convent; and for convenience and distinctness it will be as well if we use that word *convent* in the more accurate sense, and employ it only as signifying the corporate body of persons occupying those buildings of which I have been speaking, and which in their aggregate were called a *monastery*.

Once more I think it necessary to start with a caution. Not only do I propose to take no account here of that large class of conventuals which comprehended the mendicant orders, or friars as they are called, but I must needs pass by with little or no notice the various orders of regular canons — *i.e.* canons living under a rule,

The friars came into England first in 1220. During the thirteenth century they were, so to speak, upon their trial; but from the first the monks and the friars were almost essentially opposed in the ideal of their daily lives; the monk's ideal was that he must live to save his own soul: the friar's ideal was that he must live to save the soul of others. So with the very numerous houses of canons regular up and down the land. They and the monks did not love one another, and when I speak of monks and their houses it will be advisable to exclude from our consideration the friars on the one hand and the canons on the other, and, in fact, to limit ourselves to that view of conventual life which the great English monasteries under the rule of St. Benedict afford.

At the time of the Norman Conquest it may be said that all English monks were professedly under one and the same rule — the famous Benedictine rule. The rule of a monastery was the constitution or code of laws, which regulated the discipline of the house, and the rule of St. Benedict dates back as far as the sixth century, though it was not introduced into England for more than a hundred years after it had been adopted elsewhere. Four hundred years is a very long time for any constitution or code of law to last unchanged, and though the English monasteries professedly were living according to the Benedictine rule during all the Saxon and the Danish times, yet there is too much reason to believe that if St. Benedict could have risen from the dead in the days of Edward the Confessor and made a visitation of many an English house, he would have been rather astonished to be told that the monks were living according to his rule.

About one hundred and fifty years before the Conquest, a great reformation had been attempted of the French monasteries, which it was said had fallen into a state of great decay so far as discipline and fervor were concerned, and a revision of the old rule had been found necessary, the reformers breaking away from the old Benedictines and subjecting themselves to a new and improved rule. These first reformers were called *Cluniac* monks, from the great Abbey of Clugni, in Burgundy, in which the new order of things had begun. The first English house of reformed or Cluniac monks was founded at Lewes, in Sussex, eleven years after the Conquest, by Gundrada, a step-daughter of William the Conqueror, and her

husband, William, Earl of Warrene and Surrey. The Cluniacs were at first famous for the simplicity of their lives and the strictness of their discipline, but as time went on they became too rich and so too luxurious, and at last they too needed reforming, and a new reformer arose. In this case the real moving spirit of reformation was an Englishman, one Stephen Harding, probably a Dorsetshire man, who was brought up at the Benedictine monastery of Sherborne, but in the course of events chosen abbot of the Monastery of Cîteaux, where St. Bernard became his ardent disciple, and where the two enthusiasts, working cordially together, brought about that second reform of the Benedictines which resulted in the founding of the great Cistercian order.

Thus, without looking too minutely into the matter, we find that when the thirteenth century opens, or, if you will, when Henry III. came to the throne, in 1216, there were three great orders of monks in England — the old Benedictines, who had held houses and lands for centuries; the Cluniacs, who were the reformed Benedictines; and the Cistercians, who may be styled the reformed Cluniacs. But inasmuch as the architectural and other reforms among the Cistercians were many and peculiar, it will again be advisable to pass by these peculiarities for the present without remark.

The constitution of every convent, great or small, was monarchical. The head of the house was almost an absolute sovereign, and was called the abbot. His dominions often extended, even in England, over a very wide tract of country, and sometimes over several minor monasteries which were called cells. Thus the abbot of St. Alban's had under himself the cell of Tynemouth in Northumberland and two others in Norfolk — viz., Binham and Wymondham, the latter of which eventually became an independent abbey — and the heads of these cells or subject houses were called priors. An *abbey* was a monastery which was independent. A *priory* was a monastery which in theory or in fact was subject to an abbey. All the Cluniac monasteries in England were thus said to be alien priories, because they were mere cells of the great Abbey of Clugni in France, to which each priory paid heavy tribute; while the priors were almost always foreigners, and always appointed by the abbot of Clugni, and responsible to him much in the same way as a pacha is to his suzerain the sultan.

On the other hand, the Cistercian houses were all abbeys, and their abbots sovereigns in alliance or confederation with one another, and exercising over their several convents supreme jurisdiction, though recognizing the abbot of Cîteaux as their over-lord. The abbot not only had a separate residence within the monastery and lived apart from his monks, but he had his separate estate for the maintenance of his dignity, and to bear the very heavy expenses which that dignity necessitated, and he had the patronage of every office in the convent. The officers were numerous. The first of them was the prior, who was the abbot's prime minister and head of the executive and the abbot's representative in his absence. Under him was the sub-prior, sometimes a third prior, and then a number of functionaries, to whom, as in the case of the abbot, separate estates were assigned out of which they were bound to provide for certain charges which they were called upon to meet as best they could, and a complicated system of finance provided for the surplus of one office being applied when necessary for the deficiency of another.

In the great Abbey of Evesham a very elaborate constitution was drawn up and agreed to in the year 1214, after a long dispute between the abbot and convent which had lasted for several years, and this scheme has come down to us.

From it we find that certain officers (obedientaries was their technical name) were charged with providing certain articles out of the revenue of the office. The prior, to whom no mean share of the revenues was assigned, had to provide the parchment that might be required for business purposes or for legal instruments and all other materials for the scriptorium, except ink. The manciple was to provide all wine and mead, the keeping up the stock of earthenware cups, jugs, basins, and other vessels, together with the lamps and oil. The precentor had to find all the ink used, and all color required for illumination, the materials for book-binding, and the keeping the organ in repair. To the chamberlain were assigned certain revenues for providing all the clothing of the monks, it being stipulated that the abbot's dress was not to be paid for out of the fund. In the same way certain small tithes were apportioned for buying basins, jugs, and towels for the guests' chamber; while all rents levied from the various tenants paid not in money, but in kind — as, *e.g.*, capons, eggs, salmon, eels,

herrings, etc. — were to be passed to the account of the kitchen. Every monk bearing office was bound to present his accounts for audit at regular intervals, and the rolls on which these accounts were inscribed exist in very large numbers, and may still be consulted by those who are able to read them.

It looks as if it were the policy of the Benedictines to give as many monks as possible some special duty and responsibility — to give each, in fact, a personal interest in the prosperity of the house to which he belonged — and the vacancies occurring from time to time in the various offices gave everybody something to look forward to. There was room for ambition, and, I am bound to add, room for a good deal of petty scheming, on the one hand, and truckling to the abbot, on the other; but it all went towards relieving the monotony of the life in the cloister — a monotony which has been very much overstated by those who have never studied the subject. To begin with, it does not follow that what would be very dull to us would be dull and insipid to the men of the thirteenth century. Before a man offered himself for admission to a monastery, he must have had a taste for a quiet life, and in many instances he had grown tired of the bustle, the struggle, and all the anxious wear of the work-day world. He wanted to be rid of *bothers*, in fact; he was pretty sure to have had a fair education, and he was presumably a religious man, with a taste for religious exercises; sometimes, and not unfrequently, he was a disappointed man, who had been left wifeless and childless; sometimes, too, he was one whose career had been cut short suddenly by some accident which incapacitated him for active exertion and made him long only for repose and obscurity. Moreover, in those distant times the instinct of devotion was incomparably stronger than it is now, and people found a real and intense delight in the services of the sanctuary, to say nothing of their entire belief in the spiritual advantages to be derived from taking part in those services. Add to this that a monk had to pass through rather a long training before he was regularly admitted to full membership. He had to submit to a term of probation, during which he was subject to a somewhat rigorous ordeal. A novice had the pride taken out of him in a very effectual way during his novitiate — he was pretty much in the position of a *faç* at a great school nowadays, and by the time that he had passed through his novitiate

he was usually very well broken in, and in harmony with the spirit of the place in which he found himself. It was something to have a higher place assigned him at last in the church and the dormitory, to have some petty office given him, and to have a chance of being promoted by-and-by. There was Brother So-and-So, who was getting infirm, and he could not do the pitanciar's work much longer; the precentor was getting as hoarse as a raven, and the sacrist was gouty, or the cellarer was showing signs of breaking up. Nay, the prior's cough gave unmistakable signs of his lungs being wrong, and if he *were* to drop off, which we should of course all of us deplore — there would be a general move up, it might be; unless, indeed, Father Abbot should promote his chaplain over the heads of all of us — for such things have been!

But, when we come to look a little closer, we find that the monotony of monastic life was almost confined to the frequent services in the church. There were six services every day, of one kind or another, at which the whole convent was supposed to be present, and one service at midnight. The lay brethren among the Cistercians, and the servants engaged in field labor, were excused attendance at the nocturnal service, and those officials of the convent whose business required them to be absent from the precincts were also excused. Indeed, it would have been simply impossible for the whole brotherhood to assemble at all these services; there would have been a dead-lock in twenty-four hours if the attempt had ever been made in any of the large monasteries, where the inmates sometimes counted by hundreds, who all expected their meals punctually, and for whom even the simplest cookery necessitated that fires should be kept up, the porridge boiled, the beer drawn, and the bread baked. Hence, they whose hands were full and their engagements many really had no time to put in an appearance at church seven times in twenty-four hours. While, on the other hand, the monk out of office, with nothing particular to do, was all the better for having his time broken up; going to church kept him out of mischief, and singing of psalms saved him from idle talk, and if it did him no good certainly did him very little harm.

The ordinary life of the monastery began at six o'clock in the morning, and when the small bell, called the skilla, rang, all rose, washed themselves at the latrines, put on their day habit, and then presented

themselves at the matin mass. *Mixtum*, or breakfast, followed, and that over, the convent assembled in chapter for consultation. After chapter the officials dispersed: the kitchener to arrange for the meals, and not unfrequently to provide hospitality for distinguished guests and their retinue; the precentor to drill his choir-boys, to tune the organ, to look after the music, or to arrange for some procession in the church, or some extraordinary function: the infirmarer to take his rounds in the hospital; the cellarer to inspect the brewhouse and bakeries; and each or all of these officers might find it necessary to go far afield in looking after some bailiff or tenant who could not safely be left alone. At Evesham the sacristan, the chamberlain, and the infirmarer were allowed forage and the keep of one horse. Meanwhile in the cloister all was stir and movement without noise. In the west alley the schoolmaster was teaching his little pupils the rudiments of Latin, or it might be the elements of singing; in the south alley, where the light was best, a monk with a taste for art was trying his hand at illuminating a MS. or rubricating the initial letters; while on the other side, in the north alley, some were painfully getting by heart the psalms, or practising meditation — alone in a crowd. Within the retirement of that cloister, fenced all round, as I have said, with the high walls and the great buildings, there the monks were working, there the real conventual life was going on; but outside the cloister, though yet within the precincts, it is difficult for us now to realize what a vast hive of industry a great monastery in some of the lonely and thinly populated parts of England was. Everything that was eaten or drunk or worn, almost everything that was made or used in a monastery, was produced upon the spot. The grain grew on their own land; the corn was ground in their own mill; their clothes were made from the wool of their own sheep; they had their own tailors and shoemakers, and carpenters and blacksmiths, almost within call; they kept their own bees; they grew their own garden stuff and their own fruit; I suspect they knew more of fish-culture than, until very lately, we moderns could boast of knowing; nay, they had their own vineyards and made their own wine. The commissariat of a large abbey must have required administrative ability of a very high order, and the cost of hospitality was enormous. No traveller, whatever his degree, was refused food and shelter, and every monastery was a vast hotel, where

nobody need pay more than he chose for his board and lodging. The mere keeping the accounts must have employed no small number of clerks, for the minuteness with which every transaction was recorded almost passes belief. Those rolls I spoke of, the sacrist's, cellarer's, and so on, were, it must be remembered, periodical balance-sheets handed in at audit day. They deal, not only with pence and halfpence, but with farthings and half-farthings, and were compiled from the tablets or small account-books posted up from day to day and hour to hour. They give the price of every nail hammered into a wall, and rarely omit the cost of the parchment on which the roll itself is written. The men must have been very busy, or, if you prefer it, very fussy—certainly they could not have been idle to have kept their accounts in this painfully minute manner, even to the fraction of a farthing.

In the natural course of events, as a monastery grew in wealth and importance, there was one element of interest which added great zest to the conventual life, in the *quarrels* that were sure to arise.

First and foremost, the most desirable person to quarrel with was a bishop. In its original idea, a monastery was not necessarily an ecclesiastical institution. It was not necessary that an abbot should be an ecclesiastic, and not essentially necessary that any one of his monks should be in holy orders. Long before the thirteenth century, however, a monk was almost invariably ordained, and being an ordained person, and having his local habitation in a bishop's diocese, it was only natural that the bishop should claim jurisdiction over him and over the church in which he and the fraternity ministered; but to allow a power of visitation to any one outside the close corporation of the convent was fraught with infinite peril to the community. Confessing their faults one to another, and asking pardon of the lord abbot or his representative, the prior, was one thing; but to have a querulous or inquisitive or even hostile bishop coming and intruding into their secrets, blurring them out to the world and actually pronouncing sentence upon them—that seemed to the monks an absolutely intolerable and shocking condition of affairs. Hence it seemed supremely desirable to a convent to get for itself, by fair means or foul—and I am afraid the means were not always fair means, as we should consider them—the exemption of

their house from episcopal visitation or control. I believe that the earliest instance of such an exemption being granted in England was that of the Conqueror's Abbey of Battle. The precedent was a bad one, and led to all sorts of attempts by other houses to procure for themselves the like privilege. Such attempts were stoutly resisted by the bishops, who foresaw the evils that would inevitably follow, and which, in fact, did follow; and, of course, bishop and abbey went to law. Going to law in this case meant usually, first, a certain amount of preliminary litigation before the Archbishop of Canterbury; but sooner or later it was sure to end in an appeal to the pope's court, or, as the phrase was, an appeal to Rome.

Without wishing for a moment to defend or excuse a state of things which was always vexatious, and at last became intolerable, it is impossible to deny that a great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about these appeals. Almost exactly the same state of things exists in the present day both in civil and ecclesiastical matters. Parsee merchants fall to loggerheads in Bombay or Calcutta, and bring their disputes before the courts in India; one side feels aggrieved by the sentence, and straightway he removes the case to a court of appeal in London. Or some heretical person in Asia or Africa or somewhere else gets into hot water with an orthodox society for the promotion of religious persecution, and sooner or later the archbishop is appealed to, and the ecclesiastical lawyers have a most delightful time of it. It all costs a great deal of money nowadays, and leading advocates on this side or that are actually so extortionate that they will not do anything for nothing, and insist on receiving the most exorbitant fees. So it was in the old days. The final court of appeal in all matters ecclesiastical was before the pope at Rome or Avignon, and the proctors and doctors, and all the canonists and officials, actually required to be paid for their work.

When a monastery was in for a great fight with a bishop, it was a serious matter for both parties. But it was much more serious for the bishop than for the convent. The bishop had always his state to keep up and his many houses to maintain, and his establishment was enormously costly. His margin for law expenses was small; and I suspect that a bishop in England during the thirteenth century who had no private fortune outside of his mere episcopal revenues would

have been likely sooner or later to find himself in serious difficulties. On the other hand, in a great monastery all sorts of expedients could be resorted to in order to effect a salutary retrenchment—as when the monks of St. Albans agreed to give up the use of wine for fifteen years, and actually did so, that they might be able to rebuild their refectory and dormitory in the days of John the twenty-first abbot. Moreover, inasmuch as a corporation never dies, the convent could raise very heavy sums on the security of its estates, and take its own time to repay the loans. A bishop could not pledge his episcopal estates beyond his own lifetime, and the result was that, in the days when life assurance was unknown, a bishop who had to raise money for a costly lawsuit would have to pay a rate of interest which would make our blood run cold if we had to pay it, or our hearts leap for joy if we could get it in these days of two and three per cent. The bishop was always at a disadvantage in these appeal cases; he stood to lose everything, and he stood to win nothing at all except the satisfaction of his conscience that he was struggling for principle and right. And thus it came to pass that the monks enjoyed this kind of warfare, and rarely shrank from engaging in it. Indeed, an appeal to Rome meant sending a deputation from the convent to watch the case as it was going on, and there was all the delight of a foreign tour and a sight of the world—a trip, in fact, to the Continent at the expense of the establishment. But when there was no appeal case going on—and they were too expensive an amusement to be indulged in often—there was always a good deal of exciting litigation to keep up the interest of the convent, and to give them something to think about and gossip about nearer home. We have the best authority—the authority of the great pope Innocent III.—for believing that Englishmen in the thirteenth century were extremely fond of beer; but there was something else that they were even fonder of, and that was law. Monastic history is almost made up of the stories of this everlasting litigation; nothing was too trifling to be made into an occasion for a lawsuit. Some neighboring landowner had committed a trespass or withheld a tithe pig. Some audacious townsman had claimed the right of catching eels in a pond. Some brawling knight pretended he was in some sense *patron* of a cell, and demanded a trumpety allowance of bread and ale, or an equivalent. As we

read about these things we exclaim, “Why in the world did they make such a fuss about a trifle?” Not so thought the monks. They knew well enough what the thin end of the wedge meant, and, being in a far better position than we are to judge of the significance and importance of many a *casus belli* which now seems but trivial, they never dreamed of giving an inch for the other side to take an ell. So they went to law, and enjoyed it amazingly! Sometimes, however, there were disputes which were not to be settled peaceably; and then came what university men in the old days used to know as a “town and gown row.”

Let it be remembered that a Benedictine monastery, in the early times, was invariably set down in a lonely wilderness. As time went on, and the monks brought the swamp into cultivation, and wealth flowed in, and the monastery became a centre of culture, there would be sure to gather round the walls a number of hangers-on, who gradually grew into a community, the tendency of which was to assert itself, and to become less and less dependent upon the abbey for support. These *towns* (for they became such) were, as a rule, built on the abbey land, and paid dues to the monastery. Of course, on the one side, there was an inclination to raise the dues; on the other, a desire to repudiate them altogether. Hence bad blood was sure to arise between the monks and the townsmen, and sooner or later serious conflicts between the servants of the monasteries and the people outside. Thus in 1223 there was a serious collision between the Londoners and the Westminster monks, the mob rushed into the monastery, and the abbot escaped their violence with difficulty by slipping out at a back door and getting into a boat on the Thames. On another occasion there was a very serious fray between the citizens of Norwich and the priory there, in 1272, when the prior slew one man with his own hands, and many lives were lost. At a later time there was a similar disturbance at Bury St. Edmunds, and in the year 1314 the great abbey of St. Albans was kept in a state of siege for more than ten days by the townsmen, who were driven to frenzy by not being allowed to grind their own corn in their own hand-mills, but compelled to get it ground by the abbey millers, and, of course, pay the fee.

Thirty years later, again, that man of sin, Sir Philip de Lymbury, lifted up his heel against the Abbey of St. Alban's, and

actually laid hands upon brother John Moote, the cellarer; and on Monday, being market day at Luton in Beds, did actually clap the said cellarer in the pillory, and kept him there, exposed to the jeers and contempt of the rude populace, who, we may be sure, were in ecstasies at this precursor of Mr. Pickwick in the pound. But the holy martyr St. Alban was not likely to let such an outrage pass; and when the rollicking knight came to the abbey to make it up, and was for presenting a peace-offering at the shrine, lo, the knightly nose began to bleed profusely, and, to the consternation of the beholders, the offering could not be made, and Sir Philip had to retire, holding his nose, and shortly after he died—and, adds the chronicler, was speedily forgotten, he and his.

Such ruffling of the peace and quiet of conventual life was, there is reason to believe, not uncommon. But inside the cloister itself there was not always a holy calm. When the abbot died there came all the canvassing and excitement of a contested election, and sometimes a convent might be turned for years into a house divided against itself, the two parties among the monks fighting like cat and dog. Nor did it at all follow because the convent had elected their abbot or prior unanimously that therefore the election was allowed by the king, to whom the elect was presented.* King John kept monasteries without any abbot for years, sequestrating the estates in the mean time, and leaving the monks to make the best of it. Sometimes an abbot was forced upon a monastery in spite of the convent, as in the case of Abbot Roger Norreys at Evesham, in 1191—a man whom the monks not only detested because of his gross mismanagement, but whom they denounced as actually immoral. Sometimes, too, the misconduct of a prior was so abominable that it could not be borne, and then came the very difficult and very delicate business of getting him deposed: a process which was by no means easily managed, as appeared in the instance of Simon Pumice, prior of Worcester, in 1219, and in many another case.

Such hopes and fears and provocations as these all contributed to relieve the monotony which it has been too readily assumed was the characteristic of the cloister life. The monks had a world of their

own within the precincts, but they were not so shut in but that their relations with the greater world outside were very real. Moreover, that confinement to the monastery itself, which was necessarily very greatly relaxed in the case of the officers or obedientiaries, as they were called, was almost as easily relaxed if one of the brethren could manage to get the right side of the abbot or prior. When Archbishop Peckham was holding his visitations in 1282 he more than once remarks with asperity upon a monk *farming* a manor of his convent, and declares that the practice must stop. The outlying manors must have somebody to look after them, it was assumed, and if one of the brethren was willing to undertake the management for the convent, why should he not? Nor, again, must we suppose that the monks were debarred all amusements. On August 29, 1283, there was a great wrestling-match at Hockliffe, in Beds, and a huge concourse of people of all sorts were there to see the fun. The roughs and the "fancy" were present in great force, and somehow it came to pass that a free fight ensued. I am sorry to say that the canons of Dunstable were largely represented upon the occasion. We are left to infer that the representatives were chiefly the servants of the canons, but I am afraid that *some* at least of their masters were there too. In the fight one Simon Mustard, who appears to have been something like a professional prize-fighter, "a bully exceeding fierce," says the annalist, got killed; but thereon ensued much inquiry and much litigation, and Dunstable and its "religious" had to suffer vexations not a few. In fairness it should be remembered that these Dunstable people were not monks but canons—regular or irregular—and those canons, we all know, would do anything. We protest against being confounded with canons!

The amusements of monks were more innocent. The garden was always a great place of resort, and gardening a favorite pastime. We may be sure there was much lamentation and grumbling at St. Alban's when Abbot John de Maryns forbade any monk, who from infirmity could only be carried on a litter, from entering the garden at all. Poor old fellows! had their bearers been disorderly and trodden upon the flower-beds? Bowls was the favorite and a very common diversion among them; but in the opinion of Archbishop Peckham, as appears by his letters, there were other diversions of a far more

* See a notable instance in Carlyle's *Past and Present*.

reprehensible character. Actually at the small priory of Coxford, in Norfolk, the prior and his canons were wholly given over to chess-playing. It was dreadful! In other monasteries the monks actually hunted; not only the abbots, but the common domestic monks! Nay, such things were to be found as monks keeping dogs, or even birds, in the cloister. Peckham denounces these breaches of decorum as grave offences, which were not to be passed over and not to be allowed. What! a black monk stalking along with a bull-pup at his heels, and a jackdaw, worse than the jackdaw of Rheims, using bad words in the garth, and showing an evil example to the chorister boys, with his head on one side!

But, after all, it must be confessed that the greatest of all delights to the thirteenth-century monks was eating and drinking. "Sir, I like my dinner!" said Dr. Johnson, and I don't think any one thought the worse of him for his honest outspokenness. The dinner in a great abbey was clearly a very important event in the day — I will not say it was *the* important event, but it was a *very* important one. It must strike any one who knows much of the literature of this age that the weak point in the monastic life of the thirteenth century was the gormandizing. It was exactly as, I am told, it is on board ship on a long voyage, where people have little or nothing to do, they are always looking forward to the next meal, and the sound of the dinner-bell is the most exciting sound that greets the ear in the twenty-four hours. And so with the monks in a great monastery which had grown rich, and in point of fact had more money than it knew what to do with: the dinner was the event of the day. It is not that we hear much of drunkenness, for we really hear very little of it, and where it is spoken of it is always with reprobation. Nor is it that we hear of anything like the loathsome and disgusting gluttony of the Romans of the empire, but eating and drinking, and especially eating, are always cropping up; one is perpetually being reminded of them in one way or another, and it is significant that when the Cistercian revival began, one of the chief reforms aimed at was the rigorous simplification of the meals and the curtailing the luxury of the refectory. But the monks were not the only people in those times who had a high appreciation of good cheer. When a man of high degree took up his quarters in a monastery he by no means wished to be put off with salt-fish-

and-toast-and-water cheer. Richard de Marisco, one of King John's profligate councillors, who was eventually foisted into the see of Durham, gave the Abbey of St. Alban's the tithes of Eglingham, in Northumberland, to help them to make their ale better — "taking compassion upon the weakness of the convent's drink," as the chronicler tells us. The small beer of St. Alban's, it seems, was not as much improved as was to be desired, notwithstanding this appropriation of Church property, for twice after this the abbey had the same delicate hint given to it that its brewing was not up to the mark, when the rectory of Norton, in Hertfordshire, and two-thirds of the tithes of Hartburn, in Northumberland, were given to the monastery that no excuse might remain for the bad quality of the malt liquor.

And here let me remark in passing that another widespread delusion needs to be removed from the popular mind with regard to the relations between the monks and the clergy. We have again and again heard people say, "Wonderfully devoted men, those monks! Look at the churches all over the land! If it had not been for the monks how could all the village churches have been built? The monks built them all!" Monks build parish churches! Why, the monks were the greatest church-robbers that the world has ever known; they were always robbing the country parsons, and the town parsons, too, for that matter. Every vicarage in England represents a spoliation of the church, whose rectorial tithes had been appropriated by a religious house, the parson being left with the vicarial tithes, and often not even with them, but thrown for his daily bread upon the voluntary offerings of his parishioners. The monks build churches! I could not from my own knowledge bring forward a single instance in all the history of England of a monastery contributing a shilling of money or a load of stone for the repair, let alone the erection of any parish church in the land. So far from it, they pulled down the churches when they had a chance, and they were always on the look-out to steal the rectory houses and substitute for them any cheap-and-nasty vicarage unless the bishop kept a sharp look-out upon them and came to the help of his clergy. Of all the sins that the monks had to answer for, this greedy grasping at Church property, this shameless robbery of the seculars, was beyond compare the most inexcusable and the

most mischievous. To the credit of the Cistercians it must be told that they *at first* set themselves against the wholesale pillage of the parochial clergy. I am not prepared to say they were true to their first principles — no corporate society ever was, and least of all a religious corporation — but at starting the Cistercians were decidedly opposed to the alienating of tithes and appropriating them to the endowment of their abbeys, and this was probably one among other causes why the Cistercians prospered so wonderfully as they did during the first hundred years or so after their first coming here; people believed that the new order was not going to live by robbing parsons, as the older orders had done without remorse. The swindler always thinks his victim a fool, and the victim never forgives the smarter man who has taken him in. Accordingly the monks always pretended to think scorn of the clergy, and when the monasteries fell the clergy were the very last people to lament their fall.

And this brings us to the question of the moral condition of the monasteries. Professor Stubbs has called the thirteenth century "the golden age of English Churchmanship." Subject to correction from that greatest of England's great historians — and subject to correction too from others, who, standing in a rank below his unapproachable eminence, are yet very much my superiors in their knowledge of this subject — I venture to express my belief that the thirteenth century was also the golden age of English monachism. Certainly we know much more about the monasteries and their inner life during this period than at any other time. The materials ready to our hand are very voluminous, and the evidence accessible to the inquirer is very various. I do not believe that any man of common fairness and candor who should give some years to the careful study of those materials and that evidence could rise from his examination with any other impression than that, as a body, the monks of the thirteenth century were better than their age. Vicious and prodigate, drunken and unchaste, as a class, they certainly were not. Of course there were scandalous brethren. Here and there — but rarely, very rarely — there was a wicked abbot or prior. Of course there were instances of abominations on which one cannot dwell; of course there are stories which are bad to read; stories which find their way into the chronicles because they were strange or startling; but these stories are always told with hor-

ror, and commented upon with severity and scorn. Excuse for wickedness or any palliation of it you simply never find.

On the other hand, the intense *esprit de corps* of a convent of monks went beyond anything that we can now realize, and led to grave sins against truth and honesty. The forgeries of charters, bulls, and legal instruments of all kinds for the glorification of a monastery by its members was at least condoned only too frequently. It can hardly be doubted that the scriptorium of many a religious house must have been turned to very discreditable uses by unscrupulous and clever scribes, with the connivance if not with the actual knowledge of the convent, for such things were not done in a corner. If the forgeries succeeded — and that they often did succeed we know — the monastery got all the advantage of the rascality; no inquiry was made, and it was tacitly assumed that where so much was gained, and the pride of "our house" was gratified, the end justified the means.

There remains one question which may suggest itself to our minds as it has often suggested itself to others. From what class or classes in society were the monks for the most part taken? This is one of the most difficult questions to answer. The late Dr. Maitland, who perhaps knew more, and had read more, about monks and monasteries than any Englishman of his time, professed himself unable to answer it; and my friend Dr. Luard — whose labors in this field of research have gained for him a European reputation, and whose wonderful industry, carefulness, and profound knowledge qualify him to speak with authority on such a point, if any one might pronounce upon it — hesitates to give a decided opinion. The impression that is left upon my own mind is, that the thirteenth-century monk, as a rule, was drawn from the gentry class, as distinguished from the aristocracy on the one hand, or the artisans on the other — in fact, *mutatis mutandis*, that the representatives of the monks of the thirteenth century were the fellows of colleges of the nineteenth before the recent alteration of university and college statutes came into force. An ignorant monk was certainly a rarity, an absolutely unlettered or uneducated one was an impossibility, and an abbot or prior who could not talk and write Latin with facility, who could not preach with tolerable fluency on occasion, and hold his own as a debater and man of business, would have found himself sooner or later in a very ridiculous and very un-

comfortable position, from which he might be glad to escape by resignation.

Three centuries after the time we have been considering, the religious houses were suppressed—to use that euphonious term which has become universally accepted—only after they had existed in these islands in one form or another for at least a thousand years. Century after century monasteries continued to spring up, and there never was much difficulty in finding devout people who were ready to befriend a new order, to endow it with lands, and to give it a fair start. In other words, there was always a demand for new monasteries, and the first sure sign that that demand had been met, and more than met, was when the supply of monks began to fall short, and when, as was the case before the end of the fifteenth century, the religious houses could not fill up their full complement of brethren. Is it conceivable that this constant demand could have gone on, if the common sense of the nation had not been profoundly convinced, and continuously convinced, that the religious orders gave back some great equivalent for all the immense surrenders of wealth which generation after generation of Englishmen had made—some equivalent for all the vast stream of benefactions which flowed on from age to age so strongly that kings and statesmen had to interfere and check, if it might be, the dangerous prodigality of lavish benefactors? What that equivalent was, what the real work of the monasteries was, what great functions they discharged in the body politic, what the nation at large gained by their continuance and lost by their fall—these are questions which on this occasion I am not concerned with, and with which I scrupulously forbear from dealing. But there are moments when a great horror comes upon some men's minds, and a vision of a lonely and childless old age rises before them in the gloom of a dreary twilight, or when the mists of autumn hide the sunbeams, and they think, "If desolation were to come upon our homes, where could we hide the stricken head and broken heart?" To that question—a morbid question if you will—I have never found an answer. The answer was possible once, but it was in an age which has passed away.

Yes, that age has passed away forever. History repeats itself, it is true, but history will not bear mimicry. In every melody that wakes the echoes there is repetition of this note and that, the same

single sound is heard again and again; but the glorious intertwinings of the several parts, the subtle fingers and merry peals of laughter that "flash along the chords and go," the wail of the minor, as if crying for the theme that has vanished and yet will reappear—"like armies whispering where great echoes be"—these things are not mere repetition; they are messages from the Eternal Father to the sons of men, reminding them that the world moves on. Merely to ape the past, and to attempt to reproduce in the nineteenth century the tree that had taken a millennium to grow into its maturity in the thirteenth and was rudely cut down root and branch in the sixteenth, is about as wise as it would be to try and make us sing the Hallelujah Chorus in unison! Let the dead bury their dead. Meanwhile the successors of the thirteenth-century monasteries are rising up around us each after their kind; Pall Mall swarms with them, hardly less splendid than their progenitors, certainly not less luxurious. Our modern monks look out of the windows of the Carlton and the Athenæum with no suspicion that they are at all like the monks of old. Nor are they. They lack the old faith, the old loyalty to their order, and with the old picturesqueness something else that we can less afford to miss—the old enthusiasm. We look back upon the men of the thirteenth century with much complacency. A supercilious glance at the past seems to give the moderns an excellent opinion of themselves. But suppose the men of the thirteenth century could turn the tables upon us, and, from their point of view, pass their judgment upon the daily life of the conventuals of St. James's, who are, after all, only survivals, but just conceivably not quite survivals of the fittest; would the monks of old find all things quite up to the highest ideal? or would they hide their heads in shame and confusion of face compelled to acknowledge that the new was in all things so much better than the old?

AUGUSTUS JESSOP.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XLV.

MRS. METHVEN had time to recover from the agitation and trouble of the morning before her visitors' arrival. Walter's aspect had so much changed when he appeared that her fears were

calmed, though not dispelled. He was very pale, and had an air of exhaustion, to which his softened manners and evident endeavor to please her gave an almost pathetic aspect. Her heart was touched, as it is easy to touch the heart of a mother. She had watched him go out in his boat with a faint awakening of that pleasure with which in ordinary circumstances a woman in the retirement of age sees her children go out to their pleasure. It gave her a satisfaction full of relief, and a sense of escape from evils which she had feared, without knowing what she feared, to watch the lessening speck of the boat, and to feel that her son was finding consolation in natural and uncontaminated pleasures, in the pure air and sky and sunshine of the morning. When he came back he was a little less pale, though still strangely subdued and softened. He told her that she was about to receive a visit from his nearest neighbors — "the young lady," he added, after a pause, "who brought you across the loch."

"Miss Forrester — and her mother, no doubt. I shall be glad to see them, Walter."

"I hope so, mother — for there is no way in which you can do me so much good."

"You mean — this is the lady of whom you spoke to me —" Her countenance fell a little, for what he had said to her was not reassuring; he had spoken of one who would bring money with her, but who was not the best.

"No, mother; I never told you what I did yesterday. I asked that — lady of whom I spoke — to give me her money and her lands to add to mine, and she would not. She was very right. I approved of her with all my heart."

"Walter! my dear, you have been so — well — and so — like yourself this morning. Do not fall into this wild way of speaking again."

"No," he said, "if all goes well — never again if all goes well;" and with this strange speech he left her not knowing what to think. She endeavored to recall to her memory the face of the young stranger who had come to her aid on her arrival, but all the circumstances had been so strange, and the loch itself had given such a sensation of alarm and trouble to the traveller, that everything was dim like the twilight in her recollection. A soft voice, with the unfamiliar accent of the north, a courteous and pleasant frankness of accost, a strange sense of thus encountering, half unseen, some one who was no

stranger, nor unimportant in her life — these were the impressions she had brought out of the meeting. In all things this poor lady was like a stranger suddenly introduced into a world unknown to her, where great matters, concerning her happiness and very existence, were hanging upon mysterious decisions of others, unknown, and but to be guessed at faintly through a mode of speaking strange to her, and amidst allusions which conveyed no meaning to her mind. Thus she sat wondering, waiting for the coming of — she could scarcely tell whom — of some one with whom she could help Walter, yet who was not the lady to whom he had offered himself only yesterday. Could there be any combination more confusing? And when, amid all this mystery, as she sat with her heart full of tremulous questions and fears, there came suddenly into this darkling, uncomprehended world of hers the soft and smiling certainty of Mrs. Forrester, kind and simple, and full of innocent affectations, with her little airs of an old beauty, and her amiable confidence in everybody's knowledge and interest, Mrs. Methven had nearly laughed aloud with a keen sense of mingled disappointment and relief. The sweet gravity of Oona behind was but a second impression. The first was of this simple, easy flood of kind and courteous commonplace.

"We are all very glad upon the loch to hear that Lord Erradeen has got his mother with him," said this guileless woman, "for everything is the better of a lady in the house. Oh, yes, you will say, that is just a woman's opinion, making the most of her own side; but you know very well it is true. We have not seen half so much of Lord Erradeen as we would have liked — for in my circumstances we have so little in our power. No gentleman in the house; and what can two ladies do to entertain a young man, unless he will be content with his tea in the afternoon? and that is little to ask a gentleman to."

"Your daughter was most kind to me when I arrived," said Mrs. Methven. "I should have felt very lonely without her help."

"That was nothing. It was just a pleasure to Oona, who is on the loch from morning to night," said Mrs. Forrester. "It was a great chance for her to be of use. We have little happening here, and the news was a little excitement for us all. You see, though I have boys of my own, they are all of them away — what would they do here? — one in Canada, and one

in New Zealand, and three, as I need not say, in India—that is where all our boys go—and doing very well, which is just all that heart can desire. It has been a pleasure from the beginning that Lord Erradeen reminds me so much of my Rob, who is now up with his regiment in the north-west provinces, and a very promising young officer, though perhaps it is not me that should say so. The complexion is different, but I have always seen a great likeness. And now, Lord Erradeen, I hope you will bring Mrs. Methven soon, as long as the fine weather lasts, to the isle."

Mrs. Methven made a little civil speech about taking the first opportunity, but added, "I have seen nothing yet—not even this old castle of which I have heard so much."

"It is looking beautiful this afternoon, and I have not been there, myself, I may say, for years," said Mrs. Forrester. "What would you say, as it is so fine, to trust yourself to Hamish, who is just the most careful man with a boat on all the loch, and take a turn as far as Kinloch-houran with Oona and me?"

The suggestion was thrown out very lightly, with that desire to do something for the pleasure of the stranger, which was always so strong in Mrs. Forrester's breast. She would have liked to supplement it with a proposal to "come home by the isle" and take a cup of tea: but refrained for the moment with great self-denial. It was caught at eagerly by Walter, who had not known how to introduce his mother to the sight of the mystic place which had so much to do with his recent history, and in a very short time they were all afloat—Mrs. Methven half pleased, half disappointed to find all graver thoughts and alarms turned into the simplicity of a party of pleasure, so natural, so easy. The loch was radiant with that glory of the afternoon which is not like the glory of the morning, a dazzling world of light, the sunbeams falling lower every moment, melting into the water, which showed all its ripples like molten gold. The old tower lay red in the light, the few green leaves that still fluttered on the ends of the branches, standing out against the darker background, and the glory of the western illumination besetting every dark corner of the broken walls as if to take them by joyful assault and triumph over every idea of gloom. Nothing could have been more peaceful than the appearance of the group. The two elder ladies so suddenly brought together sat in the

stern of the boat, carrying on their tranquil conversation. Mrs. Forrester was entirely at her ease thinking of nothing: though to Mrs. Methven after the fears and excitements of the past night this sudden lapse into the natural and ordinary was half delightful, half exasperating, wholly unreal, and like a dream. Oona, who had scarcely spoken at all, and who was glad to be left to her own thoughts, sat by her mother's side, with the eyes of the other mother often upon her, yet taking no part in the talk; while Walter, perched behind Hamish at the other end of the boat, felt this strange pause of all sensation to be something providential, something beyond all his power of arranging, the preface to he knew not what—but at least not to any cutting off or separation from Oona. She had met his eyes with a soft look of pardon: she had given him her hand without hesitation. The look, which all had observed, had for him the meaning which no one else knew. It meant no ecstasy of happy love, but a deeper, stronger certainty than any such excitement of the moment. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." It was God who said that, and not a woman; but it was reflected in Oona's face. She was not thinking, as so many happy and proud and gentle souls have thought, of the happiness that love was bringing, the gifts of tenderness and protection and constant support filling up their own being, which henceforward were to be theirs: but of him and of his need, and how she was to fulfil her trust. She looked at him on the other side of those anxious eyes of Hamish, which kept ceaseless watch upon her, without a reproach, or even a consciousness in her look that there was anything to pardon. He was not sufficiently apart from her now to be pardoned. One does not pardon one's self. One goes on to the next trial, trembling yet confident, with a gathering of all one's forces. "This time we shall not fail," her eyes seemed to say.

"No, I have not been here for long," said Mrs. Forrester; "not since the late lord's time, when I had the permission to bring over Willie and Charley, who were just joining their regiments. They are never fond of letting strangers in, the Lords Erradeen. Oh I may say that before you, Lord Erradeen, for you are just new blood, and I am hoping will have new laws. I see very little change. If you will come this way, Mrs. Methven, it is here you will get the best view. Yon is the tower upon which the light is seen,

the light, ye will have heard, that calls every new lord: oh and that comes many a time when there is no new lord. You need not bid me whist, Oona! No doubt there will be some explanation of it: but it is a thing that all the world knows."

Mrs. Methven laughed, more at her ease than she had yet been, and said, —

"Walter, what a terrible omission! you have never told me of this."

Walter did not laugh. His face, on the contrary, assumed the look of gloom and displeasure which she knew so well.

"If you will come with me," he said to Mrs. Forrester, "I will show you my rooms. Old Macalister is more gracious than usual. You see he has opened the door."

"Oh I will go with great pleasure, Lord Erradeen, for I have never been inside, and I would like to see your rooms. Oh how do you do, Macalister? I hope your wife and you are quite well, and not suffering with rheumatism. We've come to show Mrs. Methven, that is your master's mother, round the place. Yes, I am sure ye will all be very glad to see her. This is Macalister, a very faithful old servant that has been with the Lords Erradeen as long as I can remember. How long is it — near five and forty years? Dear me, it is just wonderful how time runs on. I was then but lately married, and never thought I would ever live like a pelican in the wilderness in my mother's little bit isle. But your mind just is made to your fortune, and I have had many a happy day there. Dear me, it will be very interesting to see the rooms, we that never knew there were any habitable rooms! Where is Oona? Oh never take the trouble, Lord Erradeen, your mother is waiting, and Oona, that knows every step of the castle, she will soon find her way."

This was how it was that Oona found herself alone. Walter cast behind him an anxious look, but he could not desert the elder ladies, and Oona was glad to be left behind. Her mind had altogether recovered its calm; but she had much to think of, and his presence disturbed her, with that influence of personal contact which interferes with thought. She knew the old castle, if not every step of it, as her mother said, yet enough to make it perfectly safe for her. Old Macalister had gone first to lead the way, to open doors and windows, that the ladies might see everything: and save for Hamish in his boat on the beach, there was nobody within sight or call. The shadow of the old house shut out the sunshine from the

little platform in front of the door; but at the further side, where the trees grew among the broken masses of the ruin, the sun from the west entered freely. Oona went slowly, full of thought, up to the battlements, and looked out upon the familiar landscape, full of light and freshness, and all the natural sounds of the golden afternoon — the lapping of the water upon the rocks, the rustle of the wind in the trees, the far-off murmurs of life, voices cheerful, yet inarticulate from the village, distant sounds of horses and wheels on the unseen road, the bark of a dog, all the easy, honest utterance, unthought of, like simple breathing, of common life. For a moment the voice of her own thoughts was hushed within her, replaced by this soft combination of friendly noises. It pleased her better to stand here with the soft air about her, than with all the agitation of human influences to accompany the others. Yet human influence is more strong than the hold of nature: and by-and-by she turned unconsciously from the landscape to the house, the one dark, solid mass of habitable walls, repelling the sunshine, while the tower, with its blunted outline above, and all the fantastic breaches and openings in the ruin below gave full play to every level ray. The loch, all golden with the sunset, the shadows of the trees, the breath and utterance of distant life, gave nothing but refreshment and soothing: but the walls that were the work of men, and that for hundreds of years had gathered sombre memories about them, had an attraction more absorbing. A little beyond where she was standing, was the spot from which Miss Milnathort had fallen. Oona had heard the story vaguely all her life, and she had heard from Walter the meaning of it, only the other day. Perhaps it was the sound of a little crumbling and precipitation of dust and fragments from the further wall that brought it so suddenly to her memory; but the circumstances in which she herself was, were enough to bring those of the other woman who had been as herself, before her with all the vividness of reality. As young as herself, and more happy, the promised bride of another Walter, everything before her as before Oona, love and life, the best that providence can give, more happy than she, nothing to disturb the gladness of her betrothal; and in a moment all over, all ended, and pain and helplessness, and the shadow of death substituted for her happiness and hope!

Oona paused, and thought of that trag

edy with a great awe stealing over her, and pity which was intense in her realization of a story, in every point save the catastrophe, so like her own, penetrating her very soul. She asked herself which of the two it was who had suffered most — the faithful woman who lived to tell her own story, and to smile with celestial patience through her death in life, or the man who had struggled in vain, who had fallen under the hand of fate, and obeyed the power of outward circumstances, and been vanquished, and departed from the higher meaning of his youth. Oona thought with a generous, sympathetic throbbing of her heart of the one, but with a deeper pang of the other; he who had not failed at all so far as any one knew, who had lived and been happy, as people say. She leaned against the wall, and asked herself if anything should befall her, such as befell Miss Milnathort, whether her Walter would do the same. Would he accept his defeat as the other had done, and throw down his arms and yield? She said no in her heart, but faltered, and remembered Katie. Yet no! That had been before, not after their hearts had met, and he had known what was in hers. No, he might be beaten down to the dust; he might rush out into the world, and plunge into the madness of life, or he might plunge more deeply, more darkly into the madness of despairing, and die. But he would not yield; he would not throw down his arms and accept the will of the other. Faulty as he was, and stained and prone to evil, this was what he would never do.

It was strange that all this time she had scarcely asked herself who and what this other was who had so long kept a mysterious and miserable control over the family of Erradeen. Though the very beginning of her knowledge of Walter had plunged her into the midst of that mystery, she had not dwelt upon it nor even tried to follow it. There was no scepticism about the supernatural in her mind; rather she was so natural that she accepted a being who stood before her according to his semblance, and required no explanations. She had seen and spoken with a man who inspired Walter with a profound and unreasonable terror. Oona, looking at him with eyes of unalarmed and unsuspecting purity and all the kind and fearless freedom which belonged to her house, had neither hated him nor feared. She believed that there was in him something from which the others shrank, some power of giving pain and

suggesting evil which justified their fear. But she did not share it. She was not afraid. There was not in her mind any alarm at the thought of encountering in her own person this enemy, of whom she knew scarcely anything more than that he was the enemy of Walter's race, the being of whom there was many a whisper about the loch, and the tradition of whose existence had come down from generation to generation. Could she but meet him, take that upon her own shoulders and spare Walter! She said to herself that, God protecting her, there was no power on earth that could harm, and that she would not be afraid. She would look him in the face, she would hear all that he could say, and refuse, refuse, for herself and all the house that was henceforward to be hers, her consent to his sway. If there was in Walter's mind the weakness of previous defeat, the susceptibility to temptation, which takes strength from the mind and confidence, there was in her no such flaw of nature.

Up and spake she, Alice Brand,

And made the holy sign,

"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,

A stainless hand is mine."

In the crowd of her thoughts — which were all mingled great and small, solemn and trifling, as all human thoughts are in high flood — this ballad floated with the rest through Oona's mind, with an aptness which gave her a momentary amusement, yet helped to increase her visionary exaltation. When this high excitement flagged a little it was with the thought that thus to act for Walter was impossible, was not what was required of her. It was he who must fight though he was weak, not she who felt herself so strong. But then, her hand in his, the whole force of her nature thrown into his, holding him up, breathing courage into his ear, into his soul! Oona's heart rose once more, she felt herself like one inspired. That was the woman's part, a harder part than if all the brunt of the fight had rested upon herself. But where was the wizard, where the black art, where tempter or demon, that could overcome a man thus supported and held up by love behind him, the joint resistance of the two who were one?

While all these thoughts were passing through her mind, she had gone on a few steps at a time, without thinking or perceiving where she went — till in the high flood and fervor of her spirit, suddenly looking up, she found herself on the grey

edge of the wall, on the last ledge where any footing was possible, beyond the spot from which her predecessor had fallen. The sickening sensation with which she felt the crumbling masonry move beneath her foot, brought her to herself, and in a moment she realized the danger of her position. Another second and all her hopes and possibilities might have been over forever. With a sudden recoil upon herself, Oona set her back against the edge of the parapet that remained, and endeavored to command and combat the sudden terror that seized hold upon her. She cast a keen look round her to find out if there was any way of safety, and called out for help, and upon Walter! Walter! though she felt it was vain. The wind was against her, and caught her voice, carrying it as if in mockery down the loch, from whence it returned only in a vague and distant echo: and she perceived that the hope of any one hearing and reaching her was futile indeed. Above her, on a range of ruin always considered inaccessible, there seemed to Oona a line of masonry solid enough to give her footing, though it had never been attempted before; but necessity cannot wait for precedents. She was young and active and used to exercise, and her nerves were steadied by the strain of actual danger. She made a spring from her insecure standing, feeling the ruin give way under her foot with the impulse, and with the giddiness of a venture which was almost desperate, flung herself upon the higher level. When she had got there, it seemed to her incredible that she could have done it, and what was to be her next step she knew not, for the ledge on which she stood was very narrow, and there was nothing to hold by in case her head or courage should fail.

Everything below and around was shapeless ruin, not to be trusted, all honeycombed with hollow places thinly covered over with the remains of fallen roofs and drifted earth and treacherous vegetation. Only in one direction was there any appearance of solidity, and that was above her, towards the tower which still stood firmly, the crown of the building, though no one had climbed up to its mysterious heights within the memory of man. Round it was a stone balcony or platform, which was the spot upon which the mysterious light, so familiar to her, was periodically visible. Oona's heart beat as she saw herself within reach of this spot. She had watched it so often from the safe and peaceful isle, with that

thrill of awe and wonder, and half-terror, which gave an additional pleasure to her own complete and perfect safety. She made a few steps forward, and, putting out her hand with a quiver of all her nerves, took hold upon the cold roughness of the lower ledge. The touch steadied her, yet woke an agitation in her frame, the stir of strong excitement; for death lay below her, and her only refuge was in the very home of mystery, a spot untrodden of men. For the next few minutes she made her way instinctively without thought, holding by every projection which presented itself, feeling that there was no other hope or possibility before her. But when Oona found herself standing safe within the balustrade, close upon the wall of the tower, and had drawn breath and recovered a little from the exhaustion and strain — when her mind got again the upper hand and disentangled itself from the agitation of the body, the hurry and whirl of all her thoughts were beyond description. She paused as upon the threshold of a new world. What might be about to happen to her? not to perish like the other, which seemed so likely a few minutes ago, but perhaps as tragic a fate; perhaps the doom of all who tried to help the Methvens was awaiting her here.

There is something in every extreme which disposes the capricious human soul to a revolt and recoil. Oona carried on her self-discussion: but now she spoke aloud, to sustain herself in her utter isolation. She laughed to herself, nature forcing its way through awe and alarm. "Doom," she said to herself, "there is no doom. That would mean that God was no longer over all. What he wills let that be done." This calmed her nerves and imagination. She did not stop to say any prayer for her own safety. A certain scorn of safety, as of fear, and all the vulgar infidelities of superstition rose up in her mind. She raised her head high and went on. So long as God is, where is the fear? and there is no doom but what comes out of his hand. And in the mean time everything was solid and safe beneath Oona's feet. The tower stood strong, the pavement of the narrow platform which surrounded it was worn by time and weather, but perfectly secure. Here and there a breach in the balustrade showed like fantastic flamboyant work, but a regiment might have marched round it without disturbing a stone.

Oona's excitement was extreme. Her heart beat in her ears like the roaring of a torrent. She went on, raised beyond

herself, with a strange conviction that there was some object in her coming, and that this which seemed so accidental was no accident at all, but perhaps — how could she tell? — an ordeal, the first step in that career which she had accepted; perhaps, Heaven grant it! a substitution, something to be done for Walter to which her heart and strength rose. She put her hand upon the wall, and guided herself by it, feeling a support in the rough and time-worn surface, the stones of which had borne the assault of ages. Daylight was still bright around her, the last rays of the sun dazzling the loch below, lending a glory of reflection to the sky above, and sending up a golden sheen through the air from the blaze upon the water. Round the corner of the tower the wind blew freshly in her face from the hills, reviving and encouraging her. Nature was on her side in all its frankness and reality, whatever mystery might be elsewhere.

When she had gone half-way round, on the side from which the roofs of Auchnasheen were visible among the trees, Oona suddenly stood still, her heart making, she thought, a pause as well as her feet — then with a bound beginning again in louder and louder pulsation. She had come to a doorway deep set in the wall, like the entrance of a cavern, with one broad, much-worn step, and a heavy old door bound and studded with iron. She stood for a moment uncertain, trembling, a sense of the unforeseen and extraordinary flying to her brain with a bewildering pang of sensation — hesitating whether to pass it by, or make sure what was its meaning, yet scarcely hesitating, for by this time she began to feel the force of an impulse which did not seem her own, and which she had no strength to resist. Going up the step, she found that the door was slightly ajar, and pushing it open found herself with another suffocating pause, then bound, of her heart, upon the threshold of a richly furnished room. She was aware of keeping her hold upon the door with a terrifying anticipation of hearing it close upon her, but otherwise seemed to herself to have passed beyond her own control and consciousness, and to be aware only of the wonderful scene before her. The room was lighted with a mysterious abstract light from an opening in the roof, which showed the rough stone of the walls in great blocks, rudely hewn, contrasting strangely with the heavy curtains with which they were hung round below. The curtains seemed of velvet, with pan-

els of tapestry in mystic designs here and there. The floor was covered with thick and soft carpets. Fine instruments, strange and delicate, stood on stools and tables, some of them slowly revolving, like astronomical models. The curtained walls were hung with portraits, one of which she recognized as that of the last Lord Erradeen. And in the centre of all, supported on a table with a lamp burning in front of it, the light of which (she supposed) blown about by the sudden entrance of the air, so flickered upon the face that the features seemed to change and move, was the portrait of Walter. The cry which she would have uttered at this sight died in Oona's throat. She stood speechless, without power to think, gazing, conscious that this discovery was not for nothing, that there was something she must do, but unable to form a thought.

The light fell upon the subdued colors of the hangings and furniture with a mystic paleness, without warmth; but the atmosphere was luxurious and soft, with a faint fragrance in it. Oona held open the door, which seemed in the movement of the air which she had admitted, to struggle with her, but to which she held with a desperate grasp, and gazed spellbound. Was it the flickering of the lamp, or was it possible that the face of the portrait changed, that anguish came into the features, and that the eyes turned and looked at her appealing, full of misery, as Walter's eyes had looked? It seemed to Oona that her senses began to fail.

There was a movement in the tapestry: and from the other side of the room, some one put it aside and looked at her. She had seen him only in the night and darkness, but there was not another such that she should mistake who it was. Once more her heart stood still: and then there came upon Oona an impulse altogether beyond her understanding, as it was beyond her control.

She heard her own voice rise in the silence. She felt words come to her lips, and was aware that she launched them forth without comprehension, without a pause. What was she saying? Oaths such as she knew not how to say. "Accursed wizard!" Was it she who said it, or were the words in the air. "God confound thee! God destroy thee!" Wrath blazed up in her like a sudden flame. She struck at the delicate machinery within her reach wildly with a sort of frenzy, and catching up something, she knew not what, struck the lamp, not knowing what

she did. It fell with a crash, and broke, and the liquid which had supplied it burst forth, and ran blazing in great globules of light over the floor. A wild rush was in the air, whether of his steps towards her, whether of her own hurrying blood she could not tell. "God destroy thee! God curse thee!" Was it she who spoke — looking at that pale awful countenance, launching curses which she did not understand? All of Oona rushed back into the surging brain and beating heart that were possessed by something not herself. "No," she cried in her own conscious voice, "God pardon you whoever you are," and turned, and heard the great door flung behind her, and fled and knew no more.

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THE INSPIRATION OF DEATH IN FOLK-POETRY.

THE Roumanians call death "the betrothed of the world:" that which awaits. The Neapolitans give it the name of *la vedova*: that which survives. It would be easy to go on multiplying the stock of contrasting epithets. Inevitable yet a surprise, of daily incidence yet a mystery, unvarying yet most various, a common fact yet incapable of becoming commonplace, death may be looked at from innumerable points of view; but, look at it how we will, it moves and excites our spiritual consciousness as nothing else can do. The first poet of human things was perhaps one who stood in the presence of death. In the twilight that went before civilization the loves of men were prosaic and intellectual unrest was remote, but there was already Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted because they are not. Death, high priest of the ideal, led man in his infancy through a crisis of awe passing into transcendent exaltation, kindred with the state which De Quincey describes when recalling the feelings wrought in his childish brain by the loss of his sister. It set the child-man asking why? first sign of a dawning intelligence; it told him in familiar language that we lie on the borders of the unknown; it opened before him the infinite spaces of hope and fear; it shattered to pieces the dull round of the food-seeking present, and built up out of the ruins the perception of a past and a future. It was the symbol of a human oneness with the coming and going of day and night,

summer and winter, the rising and receding tide. It caused even the rudest of men to speak lower, to tread more softly, revealing to him unawares the angel Reverence. And above all, it wounded the heart of man. M. Renan says with great truth, "Le grand agent de la marche du monde, c'est la douleur." What poetry owes to the bread of sorrow has never been better told than by the Greek folk-singer, who condenses it into one brief sentence: "Songs are the words spoken by those who suffer."

The influence of death on the popular imagination is shown in those ballads of the supernatural of which folk-poetry offers so great an abundance as to make choice difficult. One of the most powerful as well as the most widely diffused of the people's ghost stories is that which treats of the persecuted child whose mother comes ~~out~~ ^{out} of her grave to succor him. There are two or three variants of this among the Czech songs. A child aged eighteen months loses his mother. As soon as he is old enough to understand about such things, he asks his father what he has done with her. "Thy mother sleeps a heavy sleep, no one will wake her; she lies in the graveyard hard by the gate." When the child hears that, he runs to the graveyard. He loosens the earth with a big pin, and pushes it aside with his little finger. Then he cries mournfully, "Ah! mother, little mother, say one little word to me!" "My child, I cannot," the mother replies, "my head is weighed down with clay; on my heart is a stone which burns like fire; go home, little one, there you have another mother." "Ah!" rejoins he, "she is not good like you were. When she gives me bread she turns it thrice; when you gave it me you spread it with butter. When she combs my hair she makes my head bleed; when you combed my hair, mother, you fondled it. When she bathes my feet she bruises them against the side of the basin; when you bathed them you kissed them. When she washes my shirt she loads me with curses; you used to sing whilst you washed." The mother answers: "Go back to the house, my child, to-morrow I will come for you." The child goes back to the house and lies down in his bed. "Ah! father, my little father, make ready my winding-sheet, my soul now belongs to God, my body to the grave, to the grave near my mother — how glad her heart will be!" One day he was ill, the second he died, the third day they buried him. The effect is heightened by the interval

placed between the mother's death and the child's awakening to his own forlorn condition. When the mother died he was too young to think or to grieve. He did not know that she was gone until he missed her. Only by degrees, after years of harsh treatment, borne with the patience of a child or a dumb animal, he began to feel intuitively rather than to remember that it had not been always so—that he had once been loved. Then, going straight to the point with the terrible accusative power that lies in children, he said to the father, "What have you done with my mother?" He had been able to live and to suffer until he was old enough to think; when he thought, he died. Here we have an instance, one of the many that exist, of a *motif*, which, having recurred again and again in folk-poetry, gets handled at last by a master poet, who gives it enduring shape and immortality. Victor Hugo may or may not have known the popular legend. It is most likely that he did not know it. Yet, stripped of the marvellous, and modified in certain secondary points of construction, the story is the story of "Petit Paul," little Paul, the child of modern France, who takes company with Dante's Anselmuccio and Shakespeare's Arthur, and who with them will live in the pity of all time. The Ruthenes affirm that it was Christ who bade the child seek his mother's grave. The Provençal folk-poet begins his tale: "You shall hear the complaint of three very little children." The mother of these children was dead, the father had married again. The new wife brought a hard time for the children, and the day came when they were like to starve. The littlest begged for a bit of bread, and he got a kick which threw him to the ground. Then the biggest of the brothers said, "Get up and let us go to our mother in the graveyard; she will give us bread." They set out at once; on their way they met Jesus Christ.

Et ount anetz, mes angis,
Mes angis tant petis?

"Where are you going, my angels, my so very small angels?" "We go to the graveyard to find our mother." Jesus Christ tells the mother to come forth and give her children food. "How would you have me come forth, when there is no strength left in me?" He answers that her strength shall come back to her for seven years. Now, as the end of the seven years drew near, she was always sobbing and sighing, and the children

asked why it was. "I weep, my children, because I have to go away from you." "Weep no more, mother, we will all go together; one shall carry the hyssop, another will take the taper, the last will hold the book. We will go home singing." The Provençal poet does not tell us what happened when the resuscitated wife came back to her former abode; we have to go to Scandinavia for an account of that. Dying the Dane went to an island and wed a fair maiden. For seven years they dwelt together and were blessed with children; but while the youngest born was still a helpless babe, death stalked through the land and carried off the young wife in his clutches. Dying went to another island and married a girl who was bad and spiteful. He brought her home to his house, and when she reached the door the six little children were there crying. She thrust them aside with her foot, she gave them no ale and no bread; she said, "You shall suffer thirst and hunger." She took from them their blue cushions, and said, "You shall sleep on straw." She took from them their wax candles, and said, "You shall stay in the dark." In the evening, very late, the children cried, and their mother heard them under the ground. She listened as she lay in her shroud, and thought to herself, "I must go to my little children." She begged our Lord so hard to let her go, that her prayer was granted. "Only you must be back when the cock crows." She lifted her weary limbs, the grave gaped, she passed through the village, the dogs howled as she passed, throwing up their noses in the air. When she got to the house, she saw her eldest daughter on the threshold. "Why are you standing there, my dear daughter? Where are your brothers and sisters?" The daughter knew her not. She said her mother was fair and blithe, her face was white and pink. "How can I be fair and blithe? I am dead, my face is pale. How can I be white and pink, when I have been all this time in my winding-sheet?" Answering thus, the mother hastened to her little children's chamber. She found them with tears running down their cheeks. She brushed the clothes of one, she tidied the hair of the second, she lifted the third from the floor, she comforted the fourth, the fifth she set on her knee as though she were fain to suckle it. To the eldest girl she said, "Go and tell Dying to come here." And when he came, she cried in wrath, "I left you ale and bread, and my little ones hunger; I left you blue

cushions, and my little ones lie on straw; I left you waxen candles, and my little ones are in the dark. Woe betide you, if there be cause I should return again! Behold the red cock crows, the dead fly underground. Behold the black cock crows, heaven's doors are thrown wide. Behold the white cock crows, I must be gone." So saying she went, and was seen no more. Ever after that night each time Dyring and his wife heard the dogs bark they gave the children ale and bread; each time they heard the dogs bay they were seized with dread of the dead woman; each time they heard the dogs howl they trembled lest she should come back. Two universal beliefs are introduced into this variant: the disappearance of the dead at cock-crow, and the connection of the howling of dogs with death or the dead. The last is a superstition which still obtains a wide acceptance even among educated people. We were speaking of it lately to an English officer, who stated that he had twice heard the death howl, once while on duty in Ireland, and once, if we remember right, in India. It was, he said, totally unlike any other noise produced by a dog. We observed that all noises sound singular when the nerves are strained by painful expectancy; but he answered that in his own case his feelings were not involved, as the death which occurred, in one instance at least, was that of a perfect stranger.

The interpretation of dreams as a direct intercourse with the spiritual world is not usual in folk-lore; the people hardly see the need of placing the veil of sleep between mortal eyes and ghostly appearances. In a Bulgarian song, however, a sleeping girl speaks with her dead mother. Militza goes down into the little garden where the white and red roses are in bloom. She is weary, and she is soon asleep. A small, fine rain begins to fall, the wind rustles in the leaves; Militza sighs, and having sighed, she awakes. Then she upbraids the rain and the wind: "Whistle no more, O wind; thou, O rain, descend no more; for in my dreams I found my mother. Rain, may thy fount be dried; mayst thou be forever silent, O wind: ye have taken me from the counsel my mother gave me." The few lines thus badly summarized make up, as it seems to us, a little masterpiece of delicate conception and light workmanship: one which would surprise us from the lips of a letterless poet, were there not proof that no touch is so light and so sure as that of the artificer untought in our own sense—the

man or the woman who produces the intricate filigree, the highly wrought silver, the wood-carving, the embroidery, the lace, the knitted wool rivaling the spider's web, the shawl with whose weft and woof a human life is interwoven.

We have only once come upon the case of a father who returns to take care of his offspring. Mr. Chu, a worthy Chinese gentleman, revisited this earth as a disembodied spirit to guard and teach his little boy Wei. When Wei reached the age of twenty-two, and took his doctor's degree, his father, Mr. Chu, finally vanished. As a general rule, the Chinese consider the sight of his former surroundings to be the worst penalty that can befall a soul. Mr. Herbert Giles, in his fascinating work on the Liao-Chai of Pu Sing-Ling, gives a full account of the terrible See-one's-home terrace as represented in the fifth court of Purgatory in the Taoist temples. Good souls, or even those who have done partly good and partly evil, will never stand thereon. The souls of the wicked only see their homes as if they were near them: they see their last wishes disregarded, everything upside down, their substance squandered, the husband prepares to take a new wife, strangers possess the old estate, in their misery the dead man's family curse him, his children become corrupt, lands are gone, the house is burnt, the wife sees her husband tortured, the husband sees his wife stricken down with mortal disease; friends forget: "some perhaps for the sake of bygone times may stroke the coffin and let fall a tear, departing with a cold smile." In the West, this gloomy creed is perhaps hinted at in the French proverb, "*Les morts sont bien mort.*" But Western thought at its best, at its highest, imagines differently. It imagines that the most gracious privilege of immortal spirits is that of beholding those beloved of them in mortal life:—

I am still near,
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth.

Happy and serene optimism!

The ghosts of folk-lore return not only to succor the innocent, they come back also to convict the guilty. The avenging ghost shows himself in all kinds of strange and uncanny ways rather than in his habit as he lived. He comes in animal or vegetable shape; or perhaps he uses the agency of some inanimate object. In the Faroe Isles there is a story of a girl whose sister pushed her into the sea out

of jealousy. The blue waves cast ashore her body, which was found by two pilgrims, who made the arms into a harp, and the flaxen locks into strings. Then they went and played the harp at the wedding feast of the murderess and the dead girl's betrothed. The first string said, "The bride is my sister." The second string said, "The bride caused my death." The third string said, "The bridegroom is my betrothed." The harp's notes swelled louder and louder, and the guilty bride fell sick unto death; before the pilgrims had done playing, her heart broke. This is much the same story as the "Twa Sisters of Binnorie." A Slovack legend describes two musicians who, as they were travelling together, noticed a fine plane-tree; and one said to the other, "Let us cut it down, it is just the thing to make a violin of; the violin will be equally yours and mine; we will play on it by turn." At the first blow the tree sighed; at the second blow blood spouted out; at the third blow the tree began to talk. It said: "Musicians, fair youths, do not cut me down; I am not a tree, I am made of flesh and blood; I am a lovely girl of the neighboring town; my mother cursed me while I drew water—while I drew water and chatted with my friend. 'Mayst thou change into a plane-tree with broad leaves,' said she. Go ye, musicians, and play before my mother." So they betook themselves to the mother's door, and played a dirge over her child. "Play not, musicians, fair youths," she entreated. "Rend not my heart by your playing. I have enough of woe in having lost my daughter. Hapless the mother who curses her children!" The well-known German tale of the juniper-tree belongs to the same class. A beautiful little boy is killed by his step-mother, who serves him up as a dish of meat to his father. The father eats in ignorance, and throws away the bones, which are gathered up by the little half-sister, who puts them into her best silk handkerchief and buries them under a juniper-tree. Presently a bird of gay plumage perches on the tree, and whistles as it flits from branch to branch:—

Min moder de mi slach't,
Min fader de mi att,
Min swester de marleenken
Söcht alle mine Beeniken,
Und bindt sie in een syden Dook
Legst unner den Machandelboom;
Ky witt! ky witt! Ach watt en schön vogel
bin ich!

a rhyme which Goethe puts into the mouth of Gretchen in prison. In the Ger-

man story the step-mother's brains are knocked out by the fall of a millstone, and the bird-boy is restored to human form; but in a Scotch variant the last event does not take place. It may have been thrown in by some narrator who had a weakness for a plot which ends well. All these wonder-tales had probably an original connection with a belief in the transmigration of souls. In truth, the people's *Märchen* are rooted nearly always on some article of ancient faith: that is why they have so long a life. Faith vitalizes poetry or legend or art; and what once lived takes a great time to die. Now that the beliefs which fostered them have gone into the lumber-room of disused religions, the old wonder-tales still have a freshness and a horror which cannot be found even in the best of brand-new "made-up" stories.

Another reason why the dead come back is to fulfil a promise. The Greek mother of the Kleft song has nine sons and one only daughter. She bathes her in the darkness, her hair she combs in the light, she dresses her beneath the shining of the moon. A stranger from Bagdad has asked her in marriage, and Constantine, one of the sons, counsels his mother to give her to the stranger. "Thou art wont to be prudent, but in this thou art senseless," says the mother. "Who will bring her back to me if there be joy or sorrow?" Constantine gives her God as surety, and all the saints and martyrs, that if there be sorrow or joy he will bring her back. In two years all the nine sons die, and when it is Constantine's turn the mother leans over his body and tears her hair. Fain would she have back her daughter Arete, and behold Constantine lies dead. At midnight Constantine gets up and goes to where his sister dwells, and bids Arete to follow him. She asks what has happened, but he tells her nothing. While they journey along the birds sing: "See you that lovely girl riding with the dead?" Then Arete asks her brother if he heard what the birds said. "They are only birds," he answers, "never mind them." She says her brother has such an odor of incense that it fills her with fear. "It is only," he says, "because we passed the evening in the chapel of St. John." When they reach their home the mother opens the portal and sees the dead and the living come in together, and her soul leaves her body. The *motif* of a ride with the dead, made familiar by the "Erl König" and Burgher's "Lenore," can be traced through endless variations in folk-poetry.

In the Swedish ballad of "Little Christina" a lover rises from his grave, not to carry off his beloved, but simply to console her. One night Christina hears light fingers tapping at her door; she opens it, and her dead betrothed comes in. She washes his feet with pure wine, and for a long while they speak together. Then the cocks begin to crow, and the dead get them underground. The young girl puts on her shoes, and follows her betrothed through the wide forest. When they reach the graveyard the fair hair of the young man begins to disappear. "See, maiden," he says, "how the moon has reddened all at once; even so, in a moment, thy beloved will vanish." She sits down on the tomb and says, "I shall remain here till the Lord calls me." Then she hears the voice of her betrothed saying to her, "Little Christina, go back to thy dwelling-place. Every time a tear falls from thine eyes my shroud is full of blood. Every time thy heart is gay my shroud is full of rose-leaves."

If the display of excessive grief is thus shown to be only grievous to the dead, yet they are held to be keenly sensible of a lack of due and decorous respect. Such respect they generally get from rough or savage natures, unless it be denied out of intentional scorn or enmity. There is a factory in England where common men are employed to manipulate large importations of bones for agricultural uses. Each cargo contains a certain quantity of bones which are very obviously human. These the workmen sort out, and when they have got a heap they bury it, and ask the manager to read over it some passages from the Burial Service. They do it of their own free will and initiative; were they hindered they would very likely leave the works. Shall it be called foolish or sublime? Another curious instance of respect to the dead comes to our mind. On board ship two cannon-balls are ordinarily sewed up with a body to sink it. Once a negro died at sea, and his fellows, negroes also, took him in a boat and rowed a long way to a place where they were to commit him to the deep. After a while the boat returned to the ship, still with its burden. The explanation was soon made. The negroes discovered that they had only one cannon-ball, they had rowed back for the other. One would have been quite enough to answer all purposes; but it seemed to them disrespectful to their comrade to cheat him out of half his due.

The dead particularly object to people treading carelessly on their graves. So

we learn from one of the songs of Greek outlawry.

All Saturday we held carouse, and far through
Sunday night,
And on the Monday morn we found our wine
expended quite.
To seek for more without delay the captain
made me go;
I ne'er had seen nor known the way, nor had
a guide to show.
And so through solitary roads and secret paths
I sped,
Which to a little ivied church long time de-
serted led.
This church was full of tombs, and all by gal-
lant men posset;
One sepulchre stood all alone, apart from all
the rest.
I did not see it, and I trod above the dead
man's bones,
And as from out the nether world came up a
sound of groans.
What ails thee, sepulchre? why thus so deeply
groan and sigh?
Doth the earth press, or the black stone weigh
on thee heavily?
"Neither the earth doth press me down, nor
black stone do me scath,
But I with bitter grief am wrung, and full of
shame and wrath,
That thou dost trample on my head, and I am
scorned in death.
Perhaps I was not also young, nor brave and
stout in fight,
Nor wont as thou, beneath the moon, to wan-
der through the night."

Egil Skallagrimson, after his son was drowned, resolved to let himself die of hunger. Thorgerd, his daughter, came to him and prayed hard of him that he would sing. Touched by her affection, he made an effort, gathered up his ideas, dressed them in images, expressed them in song; and as he sang, his regrets softened, and in the end his soul became so calm that he was satisfied to live. In this beautiful saga lies the secret of folk-elegies. The people find comfort in singing. A Czech maiden asks of the dark woods how they can be as green in winter as in summer; as for her, she cannot help vexing her heart. "But who would not weep in my place? Where is my father, my beloved father? The sandy plain is his winding-sheet. Where is my mother, my good mother? The grass grows over her. I have no brother and no sister, and they have taken away my friend." Of a certainty when she had sung, her vexed heart was lighter. "Seul a un synonym: mort." Yes, but he who sings is scarcely alone, even though there be only the waving pine woods to answer with a sigh. The most passionate laments of the Slavonic

race are for father and mother. If a Little Russian loses both his parents his despair is such that it often drives him forth a wanderer on the face of the earth. One so bereft cries out, "Dear mother, why didst thou suffer me to see the day? Why didst thou bring me into the world without obtaining for me by thy prayers a portion of its blessings? My father and my mother are dead, and with them my country. Why was I left a wretched orphan? Oh, could I find a being miserable as myself that we might sympathize one with the other!" The birth-ties of kindred are reckoned the only strong ones. Some Russian lines, translated by Mr. Ralston, indicate the degrees of mourning:—

There weeps his mother—as a river runs;
There weeps his sister—as a streamlet flows;
There weeps his youthful wife—as falls the dew;

The sun will rise and gather up the dew.

A Servian *pesma* illustrates the same idea. Young Tövo has the misfortune to break his arm. A doctor is fetched—no other than a Vila of the mountain. The wily sprite demands in guerdon for the cure the right hand of the mother, the sister's long hair, with the ribbons that bind it, the pearl necklace of the wife. Quickly the mother sacrifices her right hand, quickly the sister cuts off her much-prized braid, but the wife says, "Give up my white pearls that my father gave me? Not I!" The Vila waxes angry and poisons Tövo's blood. When he is dead three women fall "a-kookooing"—one groans without ceasing; one sobs at dawn and dusk; one weeps just now and then when it comes into her head so to do. As the cuckoo is supposed to be a sister mourning for her brother, kookooing has come to mean lamenting. The Servian girl who has lately lost her brother cannot hear the cuckoo's note without weeping. In popular poetry the love of sister for brother takes precedence even of the love of mother for child. Not only does Gudrun in the Elder Edda esteem the murder of her first lord, the godlike Sigurd, to be of less importance than that of her brothers, but also, to avenge their deaths, she has no scruple in slaying both her second husband and her own sons. A Bulgarian ballad shows in still more striking light the relative value set on the lives of child and brother. There was a certain man named Negul, whose head was in danger. The folk-poet is careful to express no sort of censure upon his hero, but the boasts he is made to utter

are sufficient guides to his character. Great numbers of Turks has he put to flight, and yet more women has he killed of those who would not follow him meekly as his wives. "And now," he adds plaintively, "a misfortune has befallen me which I have done nothing at all to deserve." His sister Milenka hears him bemoaning his fate, and at once she says to him, "Brother Negul, Negul, my brother, do not disturb yourself, do not distress yourself; I have nine sons, nine sons and one daughter; the youngest of all is Lalo; him will I sacrifice to save you; I will sacrifice him so that you may remain to me." This was the promise of Milenka. Then she hastened to her own home, and prepared hot meats and set flasks of golden wine wherewith to feast her sons. "Eat and drink together," she said, "and kiss one another's hands, for Lalo is going away to be groomsman to his uncle Negul. Let your mother see you all assembled, and serve you each in turn with ruddy wine and with smoking viands." For the others she did not wholly fill the glass, but Lalo's glass she filled to the brim. Meanwhile Elka, Lalo's sister, made ready his clothes for the journey; and as she busied about it, the little girl cried because Lalo was going to be groomsman, and they had not asked her to be bridesmaid. Lalo said to Elka, "Elka, my little only sister, do not cry so, sister; do not be so vexed; we are nine brothers, and one of these days you will surely act as bridesmaid." The words were hardly spoken when the headsman reached the door. They took Lalo the groomsman, and they chopped off his head in place of his uncle Negul's.

A new and different world is entered when we follow the folk-poet upon the wrestling-ground of Death and Love. If we have judged rightly, there were songs of death before there were any other love-songs than those of the nightingale; but the folk-poet was still young when he learnt to sing of love, and the love-poet found out early that his lyre was incomplete without the string of death. In all folk-poetry can be plainly heard that music of love and death which may be said almost to have been the dominant note that sounded through the literature of the ages of romance. Sometimes the victory is given to Death, sometimes to Love; in one song Love, while yielding, conquers. Folk-poetry has not anything more instinct with the quality of intensity than is this "Last Request" of a Greek robber lover:—

When thou shalt hear that I am ill,
 O my well-beloved ! he said,
 O come to me, and quickly come,
 Or thou wilt find me dead.
 And when that thou has reached the house
 And the great gates passed through,
 Then, O my well-beloved, the braids
 Of thy bright hair undo.
 And to my mother say straightway,
 Tell me, where is your son ?
 My son is lying on his bed
 In his chamber all alone.
 Then mount the stairs, O my well-beloved,
 And come your lover anigh,
 And smooth my pillow that I may
 Raise me a little high,
 And hold my head up in thy hands
 Till flies away my soul.
 And when thou seest the priest arrive,
 And dress him in his stole,
 Then place, my well-beloved, a kiss
 On my lips pale and cold ;
 And when four youths shall lift me up,
 And on their shoulders hold,
 Then shalt thou, O my well-beloved,
 Cast at them many a stone.
 And when they reach thy neighborhood
 And by thy house pass on,
 Then, O my well-beloved, thy hair,
 Thy golden tresses cut ;
 And when they reach the church's gate,
 And there my coffin put,
 Then as the hen her feathers plucks,
 So pluck thy hair for me.
 And when my dirges all are done,
 And lights extinguished be,
 Then shall my heart, O well-beloved,
 Still be possessed of thee.

We hardly notice the adventitious part of it — the ancient custom of tearing off the hair, the strange stone-casting at the youths who represent Charon ; our attention is absorbed by what is the essence of the song : passion which has burnt itself into pure fire. Greek folk-poetry shows a blending together of southern emotions with an imaginative fervor, a prophetic power that is rather of the East than of the South. No Tuscan ploughman, for instance, could seize the idea of the Greek folk-poet of possessing his living love in death. If the Tuscan thinks of a union in the grave, it can only be attained by the one who remains joining the one who is gone : —

O friendly soil,
 Soil that doth hold my love in thine embrace,
 Soon as for me shall end life's war and toil
 Beneath thy sod I too would have a place ;
 Where my love is, there do I long to be,
 Where now my heart is buried far from me —
 Yes, where my love is gone I long to go,
 Robbed of my heart I bear too deep a woe.

This stringer of pretty conceits fails to convince us that he is very much in ear-

nest in his wish to die. Speaking in the sincerity of prose, the Tuscan says, "Ogni cosa è meglio che la morte." He does not believe in the nothingness of life. In his worst troubles he still feels that all his faculties, all his senses, are made for pleasure. Death is to him the affair of a not cheerful religious ceremony — a cross borne before a black-draped bier, and bells tolling dolefully.

I hear Death's step, I see him at my side,
 I feel his bony fingers clasp me round ;
 I see the church's door is open wide,
 And for the dead I hear the knell resound.
 I see the cross and the black pall outspread ;
 Love, thou dost lead me whither lie the dead !
 I see the cross, the winding-sheet I see ;
 Love, to the graveyard thou art leading me !

Going further south, a stage further is reached in crude externality of vision. People of the south are the only born realists. To them that comes natural which in others is either affectation or the fruits of what the French call *l'amour du laid* — a morbid love of the hideous, such as marred the fine genius of Baudelaire. At Naples death is a matter of corruption naked in the sunlight. When the Neapolitan takes his mandoline amongst the tombs he unveils their sorry secrets, not because he gloats over them, but because the habit of a reserve of speech is entirely undeveloped in him. He dares to sing thus of his lost love : —

Her lattice ever lit no light displays.
 My Nella ! can it be that you are ill ?
 Her sister from the window looks and says :
 "Your Nella in the grave lies cold and still.
 Ofttimes she wept to waste her life unwed,
 And now, poor child, she sleeps beside the dead."

Go to the church and lift the winding-sheet,
 Gaze on my Nella's face — how changed, alas !
 See 'twixt those lips whence issued flowers so sweet

Now loathsome worms (ah ! piteous sight !) do pass.

Priest, let it be your care, and promise me,
 That evermore her lamp shall lighted be.

The song beats with the pulses of the people's life — the life of a people swift in gesture, in action, in living, in dying : always in a hurry, as if one must be quick for the catastrophe is coming. They are all here : the lover waiting in the street for some sign or word ; the girl leaning out of window to tell her piece of news ; the "poor child" who had drunk of the lava stream of love ; the dead lying unconfined in the church to be gazed upon by who will ; the priest to whom are given

those final instructions, — pious, and yet how uncomfortable, how unilluminated by hope or even aspiration! Here there is no thought of reunion. A kind-hearted German woman once tried to console a young Neapolitan whose lover was dead, by saying that they might meet in Paradise. "In Paradise?" she answered, opening her large black eyes, "ah! signora, in Paradise people do not marry."

The coming back or reappearance of a lover, in whose absence his beloved has died, is a subject that has been made use of by the folk-poets of every country, and nothing can be more characteristic of the nationalities to which they belong than the divergences which mark their treatment of it. Northern singers turn the narrative of the event into half a fairy-tale. On the banks of the Moldau we are introduced to a joyous youth, returning with glad steps to his native village. "My pretty girls, my doves, is my friend cutting oats with you?" he asks of a group of girls working in the fields near his home. "Only yesterday," they reply, "his friend was buried." He begs them to tell him by which path they bore her away. It is a road edged with rosemary; everybody knows it — it leads to the new cemetery. Thither he goes, thrice he wanders round the place, the third time he hears a voice crying, "Who is it treads on my grave and breaks the rest of the dead?" "It is I, thy friend," he says and he bids her rise up and look on him. She says she cannot, she is too weak, her heart is lifeless, her hands and feet are like stones. But the gravedigger has left his spade hard by; with it her friend can shovel away the earth that holds her down. He does what she tells him; when the earth is lifted he beholds her stretched out at full length, a frozen maiden crowned with rosemary. He asks to whom has she bequeathed his gifts. She answers that her mother has them; he must go and beg them of her. Then shall he throw the little scarf upon a bush, and there will be an end to his love. And the silver ring he shall cast into the sea, and there will be an end to his grief. On the shores of the Wener it is Lord Malmstein who wakes before dawn from a dream that his beloved's heart is breaking. "Up, up, my little page, saddle the grey; I must know how it fares with my love." He mounts the horse and gallops into the forests. Of a sudden two little maids stand in his path; one wears a dress of blue, and hails him with the words: "God keep you, Lord Malmstein; what bale awaits you!" The

other is dight in red, and of her Lord Malmstein asks, "Who is ill, and who is dead?" "No one is ill, no one is dead, save only the betrothed of Malmstein." He makes haste to reach the village; on the way he meets the bier of his betrothed. Swiftly he leaps from the saddle; he pulls from off his fingers rings of fine gold, and throws them to the gravedigger — "Delve a grave deep and wide, for therein we will walk together." His face turns red and white, and he deals a mortal blow at his heart. This Swedish Malmstein not only figures as the reappearing lover; he is also one of that familiar pair whom death unites. In an ancient Romansch ballad the story is simply an episode of peasant life. A young Engadiner girl is forced by her father to marry a man of the village of Surselva, but all the while her troth is plighted to a youth from the village of Schams. On the road to Surselva the lover joins the bride and bridegroom unknown to the latter. When they reach the place the people declare that they have never seen so fair a woman as the youthful bride. Her husband's father and mother greet her saying, "Daughter, be thou welcome to our house!" But she answers, "No, I have never been your daughter, nor do I hope ever to be; for the time is near when I must die." Then his brothers and sisters greet her saying, "O sister, be thou welcome to our house!" "No," she says, "I have never been your sister, nor do I ever hope to be; for the time comes when I must die. Only one kindness I ask of you, give me a room where I may rest." They lead her to her chamber, they try to comfort her with sweet words; but the more they would befriend her, the more does the young bride turn her mind away from this world. Her lover is by her side, and to him she says, "O my beloved, greet my father and my mother; tell them that perhaps they have rejoiced their hearts, but sure it is they have broken mine." She turns her face to the wall and her soul returns to God. "O my beloved," cries the lover, "as thou diest, and diest for me, for thee will I gladly die. He throws himself upon the bed, and his soul follows hers. As the clock struck two they carried her to the grave, as the clock struck three they came for him; the marriage bells rang them to their rest; the chimes of Schams answering back the chimes of Surselva. From the grave-mound of the girl grew a camomile plant, from the grave-mound of the youth a plant of musk: and for the great love

they bore one another even the flowers
twined together and embraced.

Uoi, i sül tömbel da quella bella
Craschiva sù üna flur da chiaminella ;

Uoi, i sül tömbel da que bel mat

Craschiva sù üna flur nusch muschiat ;

Per tant grond bain cha queus dus as leivan,

Parfin las fluors insemmel as branceivan.

It is a sign of a natural talent for democracy when the people like better to tell stories about themselves than to discuss the fortunes of prince or princess. The devoted lovers are more often to be looked for in the immediate neighborhood of a court. So it is in the ballad of Count Nello of Portugal. Count Nello brings his horse to bathe; while the horse drinks, the count sings. It was already very dark — the king could not recognize him. The poor infanta knew not whether to laugh or to cry. "Be quiet, my daughter; listen and thou wilt hear a beautiful song. It is an angel singing, or the siren in the sea." "No, it is no angel in heaven, nor is it the siren of the sea; it is Count Nello, my father, he who fain would wed me." "Who speaks of Count Nello? who dare name him, the rebel vassal whom I have exiled?" "My lord, mine only is the fault; you should punish me alone; I cannot live without him; it is I who have made him come." "Hold thy peace, traitress; before day dawns thou shalt see his head cut off." "The headsman who slays him may prepare for me too; there where you dig his grave dig mine also." For whom are the bells tolling? Count Nello is dead; the infanta is like to die. The two graves are open; behold! they lay the count near the porch of the church and the infanta at the foot of the altar. On one grave grows a cypress, on the other an orange-tree; one grows, the other grows; their branches join and kiss. The king, when he hears of it, orders them both to be cut down. From the cypress flows noble blood, from the orange-tree blood royal; from one flies forth a dove, from the other a wood-pigeon. When the king sits at table the birds perch before him. "Ill luck upon their fondness," he cries, "ill luck upon their love! Neither in life nor in death have I been able to divide them." The musk and the camomile of Switzerland, the cypress and the orange-tree of Portugal, are the cypress and the reed of the Greek folk-song, the thorn and olive of the Norman *chanson*, the rose and the briar of the English ballad, the vine and the rose of the Tristram and Iseult story. Through the world they tell their tale, —

Amor condusse noi ad una morte.

The death of heroes has provided an inexhaustible theme for folk-poets. The chief or partisan leader had his complement in the skald or bard or roving ballad-singer; if the one acted, turned tribes into nations, cut out history, the other sang, published his fame, gave his exploits to the future, preserved to his people the remembrance of his dying words. The poetry of hero-worship, beginning on Homeric heights, descends to the "lytell gestes" of all sorts and conditions of more or less respectable and patriotic outlaws and *condottieri*, whose "passing" is often the most honorable point in their career. On the principle which has been followed — that of letting the folk-poet speak for himself, and show what are his ideas and his impressions after his own manner and in his own language — we will take three death scenes from amongst the less known of those recorded in popular verse. The first is Scandinavian. What ails Hjalmar the Icelandic? Why is his face so pale? The Norse warrior answers: "Sixteen wounds have I, and my armor is shattered. All things grow black in my sight; I reel in walking; the bloody sword of Agantyr has pierced my heart. Had I five houses in the fields I could not dwell in one of them; I must abide at Samsa, hopeless and mortally wounded. At Upsal, in the halls of Josur, many Jarls quaff joyously the foaming ale, many Jarls exchange hot words; but as for me, I am here in this island, struck down by the point of the sword. The white daughter of Hilmer accompanied my steps to Aganfik beyond the reefs; her words are come true, for she said I should return no more. Draw off my finger the ring of ruddy gold, bear it to my youthful Ingebrog, it will remind her that she will see me never more. In the east upsoars the raven; after him the mightier eagle wings his way. I will be meat for the eagle and my heart's blood his drink." One backward look to all that was the joy of his life — the feast, the fight, the woman he loved — and then a calm facing of the end. This is how the Norseman died. The Greek hero who dies peaceably in the ripeness of old age, meets his doom with even less trouble of spirit: —

The sun sank down behind the hill,

And Dimos faintly said,

"Go, children, fetch your evening meal —

The water and the bread.

Thou, Lamprakis, my brother's son,

Come hither, by me stand,

And arm me with my weapons,
 And be captain of the band.
 And, children, take my dear old sword
 That I no more shall sway,
 And cut the green boughs from the trees
 And there my body lay;
 And hither bring a priestly man
 To whom I may confess,
 That I may tell him all my sins,
 And he forgive and bless.
 For thirty years a soldier,
 Twenty years a kleft was I;
 Now death o'ertakes and seizes me,
 'Tis finished, I must die.
 And be ye sure ye make my grave
 Of ample height and large,
 That in it I may stand upright,
 Or lie my gun to charge.
 And to the right a lattice make,
 A passage for the day,
 Where the swallow, bringing springtide,
 May dart about and play,
 And the nightingale, sweet singer,
 Tell the happy month of May.

The slight natural touches—the eagle soaring against the sunrise, the nightingale singing through the May nights—suggest an intuition of the will-of-the-wisp affinity between nature and human chances which seems forever on the point of being seized, but which forever eludes the mental grasp. We think of the “brown bird” in the noble “Funeral Song” of one who would have been a magnificent folk-poet had he not learnt to write and read—Walt Whitman.

Our last specimen is a Piedmontese ballad composed probably about a hundred and fifty years ago, and still very popular. The Chevalier Nigra ascertained the existence of eight or more variants. A German soldier, known in Italy as the Baron Lodrone, took arms under the house of Savoy, in whose service he presently died. “In Turin,” begins the ballad, “counts and barons and noble dames mourn for the death of the Baron Lodrone.” The king went to Cuneo to visit his dying soldier; drums and cannons greeted his approach. He spoke kind words to the sick man: “Courage, thou wilt not die, and I will give thee the supreme command.” “There is no commander who can stand against death,” answered the baron. Now Lodrone was a Protestant, and when the king was convinced that he must die, he exhorted him to conversion, saying that he himself would stand his sponsor. Lodrone replied that that could not be. The king did not insist; he only asked him where he would be buried, and promised him a sepulchre of gold. He answered:—

Mi lasserü pèr testament
 Ch 'a mi soterò an val d' Lüsèrna,
 An val d' Lüsèrna a m sotraràn
 Dova l me còr s'arposa tan!

He does not care for a golden sepulchre, but he “leaves for testament” that his body may lie in Val Luserna, “where my heart rests so well!” The valley of Luserna was the seat of the Vaudois faith in the “Alpine mountains cold,” watered with martyr blood only a little while before Lodrone lived. To read these four simple lines after the fantasia of wild or whimsical guesses, passionate longing, unresisted despair, insatiable curiosity, that death has been seen to create or inspire, is like going out of a public place with its multiform and voluble presentment of men and things into the aisles of a small church which would lie silent but that unseen hands pass over the organ keys.

From The Scottish Review.

A STUDY FROM TURGENIEFF.

THERE is a French proverb to the effect that a wet shooter is as unhappy as a dry fisher. I never cared about fishing, and so I am not able to appreciate the melancholy feelings which inspire a fisherman at the sight of radiant sunshine, nor to judge how far a good day's sport in the rain makes up for the discomfort of being drenched to the skin. But, for a shooter, a rainy day is certainly a real calamity.

This was the calamity which befell myself and my faithful Ermolai, one day when we were out in search of black-game, in the district of Bélef.* The rain fell without cessation from daybreak onwards. We did everything we could to make the best of it. We pulled our waterproofs over our heads, and we took shelter under the trees. But our so-called waterproofs, besides being inconvenient to the last degree if we had wanted to take a shot, seemed quite shameless as to letting the rain in; under the trees we were fairly dry for a little while, but after this all the rain which had gathered in the leaves suddenly came down in a sort of torrent, every branch turned into a spout, and favored us with a cold stream which soaked under our neckerchiefs and ran down our spines. It was all up, as Ermolai used to say.

* Bélef is a circle in the province of Tula, on the left bank of the Oká.

"No, Peter Petrovich," he cried at last, "it is no use going on. We cannot shoot to-day. The dogs cannot scent, and the guns will miss fire. It's bad luck."

I asked him what he had better do.

"We had better go to Alexeievka. Perhaps you never heard of it. It is a little village which belongs to your mother, about eight versts from here. We will pass the night there, and to-morrow —"

"To-morrow we will come back here?"

"No, not here. I know other places on the other side of Alexeievka, much better for black-game than this." I abstained from inquiring from my faithful companion why he had not begun by taking me to those other places first, and we went to the little village. As a matter of fact, although it belonged to my mother, I had never heard of it before. There was a very small manor-house, extremely old, but inhabited, and therefore clean, and there I passed a pretty good night.

The next morning, I woke very early. The sun had just risen. There was not a cloud in the sky. Everything around was shining in the combined splendor of the young summer's day and of the freshness left by the heavy rain. While my carriage was being harnessed, I went out to take a turn in a little garden, once a sort of orchard, but which had now gone wild, and which surrounded the house with a kind of thicket, breathing freshness and sweetness. It was very pleasant to walk there in the free open air. In the clear firmament above one could see the larks soaring in their quivering flight, and their clear and sonorous notes seemed to fall from that great height like silver pearls. One might have imagined that they had borne up some of the dew of the morning upon their wings, and that its joyous freshness had entered into their songs. I took off my hat, and luxuriated in the pleasure of simply inhaling the atmosphere.

I saw a stand of beehives on the slope of a little glen close to the hedge, and a narrow path leading to it between nettles and docks, amid which a few plants of hemp, which had got there Heaven knows how, raised their dark points. I walked along this path as far as the hives. Close beside them there was one of those little huts, made of branches, which are called *yamchaniks*, and in which the hives are put by during the winter. The door was half-open, and, as I passed by, I glanced into the inside; it was dark and still, and the dry atmosphere was redolent of mint and balm. In one corner lay upon a sort of bed of pianks a small figure wrapped

up in a coverlet. I was turning away when I heard a voice say, —

"Oh, sir! sir! Peter Petrovich."

The voice was very weak, drawling, and hoarse, almost like the groaning of rushes in a marsh, rubbing against one another in the wind.

"Peter Petrovich! Please, come here!" repeated the voice, issuing from the corner of the little hut.

I went in, and experienced a shock of astonishment. There was indeed a living creature lying before me, a human being, but not like other human beings. The face seemed quite dried up, and had a brown color like bronze, which reminded me of the complexions of the old Byzantine pictures. The nose was sharp like the blade of a knife; the lips seemed to have shrunk away to nothing; the whites of the eyes and the teeth shone by contrast against the darkness of the face. An handkerchief, ill tied round the head, allowed a few locks of yellow hair to stray over the brow. The counterpane was gathered up under the chin, and upon one of its folds rested two small shrivelled hands of the same color as the face, and whose bony fingers were twitching convulsively.

I gazed at the object. There was nothing repellant about the face; on the contrary, it was in a sense beautiful, but it was weird and startling. And it startled me all the more when I saw that this wooden bust was struggling, although in vain, to produce the imitation of a smile.

"You do not know me again, sir," whispered the voice, which seemed to pass like a breath between lips that were almost motionless; "but how could any one expect you to know me again? It is Lukeria.* Do you remember me? Lukeria that used to lead off the dancing at Spassk, at your mother's? Do you remember? And I used to lead the glees too."

I cried out, "Lukeria! It cannot be you!"

"Yes sir," said the voice, "it is me. I am Lukeria."

I looked, with a sort of stupefaction and without knowing what to say, at this face from which two clear eyes were fixed upon me, but which was itself dark and stiff like the face of a corpse. Could it really be she? Was this mummy the same person as Lukeria, she who was the best-looking of our country girls, who was so

* This is a provincial form of Lucy. The ordinary forms are Lioutsya and Lukiya. The diminutive is as below, Lousha.

strong and healthy, so pink and white, and so merry,—who was such a good singer and such a good dancer,—the handsome Lukeria, to whom all our lads paid attentions, and who had caused some secret sighs to myself when I was a boy of sixteen?

At last I said, "My poor Lukeria, what has happened to you?"

"A misfortune came upon me. But do not turn away from my affliction. Sit down on this little pile close to me. You could not hear me else. You hear what a voice I have now. I am very happy to see you. How did you come to Alexievka?"

She spoke very slowly and in a very low voice, but without breaking down.

"Ermolai, my shooting-servant, brought me here. But tell me —"

"Do you want to hear about my misfortune? Just as you like, sir. It was a long time ago. Six or seven years ago. It was just after I was engaged to be married to Basil Poliakov. Do you remember him? Such a fine, handsome lad, with curly hair, that used to wait at your mother's side-board. But you were gone away before that. You were gone to college at Moscow. He and me were very fond of each other. He was never out of my head. It was in the springtime. It was one night, just a little bit before the day broke. I could not sleep. There was a nightingale in the garden, singing, oh, so wonderfully. I could not stay in. So I got up and went out on to the steps to listen to him. Oh, how his voice shook; oh, but how it shook! All of a sudden I thought I heard somebody call me — somebody that had a voice like Basil.* He just said so gently, 'Lousha,' — just like that. So I turned my head round. And no doubt but I must have been half asleep, for I tumbled off the steps and down to the ground. I did not think that I had hurt myself much, for I got up again at once and went back to my room. Only one would have said that something had broken inside of me here — in my chest. Just let me take breath for a minute."

Lukeria paused. What amazed me more than anything else was the air with which she told her story. She seemed almost gay over it. She made no kind of complaint. She never sighed, or groaned, or seemed to seek for compassion. Presently she went on, —

"Ever since that accident, I seemed to

* A subsequent passage makes it probable that we are here to understand the voice of Christ calling her to perfection through suffering.

wither up. I pined away. I got quite dark. At first I found it getting hard to walk. Then I could not use my legs at all. Then it got that way that I could not stand or sit any more. I had always to be lying down. I had no fancy for meat or drink. I got just worse and worse. Your mother was very kind, and got doctors to see me, and sent me to the hospital. But it did not do me any good. None of the doctors could tell me even what was the matter with me. God knows what they made me suffer there. They burnt my back with a hot iron, and they put me in pounded ice. But it did not do me any good. At last I became stiff like a bit of wood. Then the gentlemen found it was no use working with me any more. I would only be in the way in the house. So they sent me here because I have got relations here. And I live just as you see."

She stopped, and struggled a second time to smile.

"But you are wretched here," I cried, and, not knowing what to say, I asked her what Basil did. It was very stupid of me. Lukeria turned her eyes away a little, and answered, —

"Poliakov? He was very sorry. He married another girl. She was a daughter of Glinnoié. You know Glinnoié? It is not far from our place. Her name is Agrafena. He was very fond of me, but, you see, he was a young man, and you could not expect him not to marry. And what sort of companion would I have been to him? He has got a very good wife — and she is very pretty. They have got little children. He is an overseer at a place near here. Your mother gave him leave. He is very happy. Thanks be to God."

"And you," I said, "do you always lie here? Always?"

"Yes, always, sir," she replied. "It will soon be seven years. In the summer time I lie here, in this little house; when it begins to get cold, they take me into the entrance-hall of the bath-house, and I lie there."

"Who looks after you? Who takes care of you?"

"Oh, there are good people here. I am not left alone. Besides, I do not need much looking after. As for food, I really eat next to nothing. And as for water — you see I have it there, in that jug. I have it always fresh, the beautiful water from the spring. I can stretch to get the jug myself. I can move one of my arms still. And then there is a little girl here,

an orphan. She comes to see me now and then. God repay it to her. She was here only just now. Did not you meet her? She is such a pretty little girl—she has got such a white skin. She brings me flowers. I am so fond of flowers. There are no garden flowers here. There used to be, but there are not any more now. But the wild ones are just as pretty. And they smell better even than the garden ones. There is nothing that smells any better than the lilies-of-the-valley."

"My poor Lukeria," I said, "do not you get weary? or do not you get frightened?"

"Why should I? However, I will not tell you an untruth; just at the beginning, I used to feel it very much. But now that I have got used to it, I have learned patience. There are plenty people much worse off than me."

"What do you mean?"

"There are plenty of people without a roof over their heads. And there are plenty of people blind or deaf. I thank God that I can see everything and hear everything. Yes, really everything. If there is a mole making its hole, I hear it. And I can smell anything. Nobody needs to come to tell me that the buckwheat is in flower in the fields, or the lime-trees in the garden. I smell it at once, if the wind is that way. Oh no, one must not forget to be thankful to God. There are plenty people much worse off than me. Even if there was only that—one that is in health can sin so easily. So many sins are kept quite away from me. The other day when Father Alexis—that is the priest—was here to give me the communion, he said, 'You need not confess—what evil can you do in the state that you are in?' I said, 'But, my father, there are sins of thought, the sins that one commits in his mind.' But he just smiled and said, 'They are not very heavy, those.'

"However," she went on, "I do not think that I have committed very many of those either, for I have got into a way of not thinking about anything*—and what is better still, not remembering about anything. The time goes by so quick."

I confess that this last remark astonished me. I said, —

"But you are always alone, Lukeria; and how can you help thoughts coming into your head? Do you sleep all the time?"

* It is perhaps as well to remember the value which some Eastern ascetic writers have ascribed—especially since the controversy as to the Uncreated Light—to a state of profound quiescence.

"Oh no, sir," she answered, "I cannot always get to sleep. I have no great pain to speak of. But I have a pain inside—there—and I have a pain in my bones. And I do not sleep like I ought to. I feel that I am alive, and I breathe. That is all. I just look and listen. The bees hum round about the hives. Sometimes a pigeon comes and sits upon the roof, and coos. Or one of the hens comes in with her chickens, to pick up the crumbs. Then sometimes a sparrow or a butterfly flies in. All these things make me so happy. The year before last there were some swallows came and made their nest in the corner, and brought up their little ones. Oh, it was such a pleasure to watch them. One swallow used to fly in and perch on the nest, and give what he had in his beak to the little ones, and then fly away again. And when I looked a little bit afterwards, then it was another one. Sometimes, one flew by outside the open door without coming in. And then all the little ones would open their little beaks and cry. I was looking for them the next year, but they told me that a sportsman near here had shot them. What good could they be to him? A swallow does not weigh more than a cockchafer. You shooting gentlemen are very cruel."

"I never shoot swallows," I exclaimed vehemently.

Lukeria went on, —

"Once there was such a funny thing happened. A hare came in here to hide. Yes, I assure you, really a hare! I think the dogs were hunting him. He shot in at the door like an arrow, and sat down close beside me. He stopped there quite a little time; he twitched his nose and his moustachios, just like a real army officer. And he stared at me. Of course he understood that I would not wish to do him any harm. And at last he got up and hopped to the door. There he stood, looking to the right and to the left. And then, good-bye! Was not it funny?"

She looked at me.

"Does not it make you laugh?"

I made a pretence of laughing in order to please her. She licked her shrunken lips to moisten them, and then went on speaking.

"You understand, in winter I am not quite so well off. It is dark. It would only be waste to light a candle. And what good would it be? I know how to read and write, and it is not that I would not like to read. But what is there for me to read? There are no books here; and, even if there were, how am I to hold

a book? Father Alexis brought me an almanack to amuse me; but he saw that it was no use, so he took it away again. The dark does not prevent me hearing. I hear the crickets chirp, and sometimes a mouse scratches. But that is when it is best to be able not to think about anything."

Presently she sighed gently, and continued, —

"And then, I have my prayers which I say; only, there are very few prayers that I know. Besides that, why should I want to trouble God? What is there that I should ask him for? He knows much better than me what is good for me. He has sent me my cross, and that means that he loves me. We are taught to understand these things that way. I say the Lord's Prayer, and the Salutation, and the Acathiston, and the Prayer of the Afflicted,* and then I just rest lying there, and the time passes away."

She became silent, and two minutes passed by without either of us speaking. I sat motionless on the pail which served me for a chair. This still living creature, in whom the lamp of life was still unextinguished, and who was lying before my eyes, seemed to infect me with some of her own fearful immobility. I felt as if I, too, were petrified.

"Lukeria," I said at last, "listen to me, and to the proposal which I make you. Would you like me to arrange for you to go to a hospital — to a really good hospital in some city? Who knows but what it may still be possible to do something to cure you? And, at any rate, you would not be alone."

I noticed a movement, almost imperceptible, in her eyebrows.

"No sir," she said anxiously, "do not put me into a hospital. Let me be where I am. I should suffer a little more there. That would be all. How could they cure me? Look here. One day a doctor came here. He wanted to examine me. I begged him not. I said, 'For Christ's name's sake, do not torment me.' He would not listen to me. He set to to knead my arms and my legs. He said, 'I am doing this in order to learn. I am

doing it for the sake of science, for which I am employed by the government. You ought not to stand in my way, for I have had a ribbon given me already on account of my investigations, and it is for the good of you stupid people that I make them.' He turned me over, back and front, again and again, and he told me the name of my illness — that doctor did. It was a long, difficult name. And he went away. And I had more pain in my poor bones all the week after."

"You say that I am alone, always alone. But I am not always alone. People come to see me. The country girls come in, and they laugh and talk. Then the pilgrims, as they pass by, come in to see me: and they tell me about Jerusalem and Kieff, the Holy Cities. Besides, I am not afraid to be alone. The real truth is, I like it. Please, sir, leave me here. Do not send me to a hospital. You are very kind. I thank you very much. But I ask you to leave me here."

"Just as you like, Lukeria, just as you like. I was only thinking for your own good."

"I know it was only for my good. But, my kind gentleman, how can any one really help another one? How can any one get into another one's mind? Every one must help himself. You would not think what happens to me sometimes — sometimes when I am lying here all alone. It seems to me as if there was nobody else in the world, nobody else but me. And then it is like as if something came down upon me, and spread out over me, and my mind gets so curious."

"What happens to your mind then?"

She was silent for a moment before she answered.

"Oh, sir, it is things that one cannot say, things that one is not able to explain. And, besides, I do not remember what has happened, after that it is passed away. It is something like a cloud coming and rain falling. And afterwards I feel how that it is very good, and how that it refreshes me. But I do not understand just what it is. Only, I say to myself, 'If there were people about me, it would not have happened. I should have felt nothing but my affliction.'"

She drew a long breath with some difficulty, for her lungs obeyed her little better than the rest of her body. Then she continued.

"I see quite well, sir, that you are very sorry for me. Do not be sorry for me too much. You would really make quite a mistake. Look here — it is just the same

* The Salutation used in the Greek Church is as follows: "Hail, Mary, Virgin Mother of God, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb, for thou hast borne the Saviour of our souls." The Acathiston is an hymn to the Blessed Virgin, which occupies seventeen pages of the Greek Horologion. The Prayer of the Afflicted is the "Consolatory Canon to the Mother of God" which follows the Acathiston. It has a longer and a shorter form, of which the shorter is the more common.

with me still. You remember — do not you? — what a merry girl I used to be. Well, but I sing still."

"You sing?"

"Oh yes, sir, — all sorts of songs, — old songs, and glees, and carols, and hymns, — all sorts of songs. I used to know a great many, and I have not forgot them. The only thing I do not sing now, I never sing dancing-tunes. It would not suit me as I am."

"How do you sing them? Just in your own mind?"

"Just in my own mind, and with my voice too. I cannot sing very loud, as you see; but one can hear me. Look here. I told you that there is a girl that comes to see me. She is an orphan; and therefore she has grown up sharp. I have taught her four songs already. She knows them by heart. Perhaps you do not believe me? Wait a moment, and I will sing you one."

She took breath. The idea that this being who was scarcely alive was getting herself ready to sing for me, caused me a kind of involuntary shudder, but before I had time to say anything, I heard her utter a prolonged note, almost imperceptible, but perfectly true and correct. Then came another, and then a third. Lukeria sang "Out in the Fields." As she sang, none of the traits of her paralysed face changed, and her eyes remained fixed. But there was an expression unspeakably touching about this poor, weak voice, which seemed to rise and waver like a thin curl of smoke. It was evident that the singer's whole soul was being poured forth in her music. I was cut to the heart. It was a shudder no longer, but a feeling of pity which I cannot express.

"I cannot go on any more," she said suddenly, "I am not strong enough. It is the pleasure of seeing you that has made me no use."

And she shut her eyes. I laid one of my hands upon her small, chill fingers. She looked at me, and then her dark eyelids with their auburn lashes closed again. After a moment, I saw through the gloom that something was glistening upon them. It was a tear. I remained motionless. Suddenly, and with more force than I could have expected, she cried, "What on earth is the matter with me?" opened her eyes wide, and struggled to get rid of the tears by winking her eyelids quickly. "What foolishness this is!" she said, "What can be the matter with me? Nothing like this has happened to me for a long time — not since Poliakof — Basil

— came to see me — last spring. While he was there talking to me, it was all right. But when he was gone away, and I was all alone, I cried. How foolish I am, to be sure! Please, sir, you have got a pocket-handkerchief, have not you? Do not be disgusted at me. Would you mind wiping my eyes, if you please?"

I hastened to do as she asked me, and left her the handkerchief. She would not have it at first. "Why should she have a present given her like that?" It was quite a common handkerchief, but at any rate it was white and clean. At last she took it and closed her hands upon it, without opening them again. My eyes were now becoming accustomed to the semi-darkness of the place, and I could distinctly see her features, and even a slight flush of red in the bronze-like tint of her cheeks. I thought I could even recognize in her face some traces of her former beauty.

"Sir," she resumed, "you asked me if I slept? Indeed, it is not very often that I sleep. But when I sleep, I dream. Such beautiful dreams. In my dreams, I never seem to be ill. I am always young and strong. The worst is, when I wake up again. I want to stretch myself out, and then I feel that I am like loaded with chains. Once I had a very curious dream. Would you like me to tell you about it? Well, then, listen to me. I thought I was out in the country, in the middle of a wheat-field. The wheat was all ripe. The stalks were very tall, and the ears were yellow, just like gold. There was a great big red dog with me, and he was very savage. He was always wanting to bite me. There was a sickle in my hand, but it was not a sickle. It was the moon, like she is when she is like a sickle. And I was to cut down every stalk of the wheat, with the moon. But it was so hot that I felt quite useless, and the brightness of the moon blinded me, and I was idle. There were great blue corn-flowers growing all round about — very big ones. And they all turned their heads to me. And I said to myself, 'I will pull some of the corn-flowers — Basil has promised to meet me — and I will make myself a crown with the flowers; and as for the wheat, I shall have plenty of time to cut it.' So I began to pull the corn-flowers. But it was no use. They melted away in my hands. I was not able to make myself a crown. Then I heard that somebody had got quite close to me without me knowing it. And he was calling me, 'Lousha! Lousha!' And so I said to myself, 'Bad

luck! I have not got time to do it. But it does not matter.* So, for want of the corn-flowers, I put the moon on my head like a *kakochnik*. Then I became all bright, and the light lighted up all the fields round about. Then I looked, and there was somebody coming to me very quick, along over the tops of the corn—but it was not Basil—it was the Lord Jesus himself. I cannot tell you how I knew that it was the Lord. He was not like what they make him in the pictures. But it was him himself. He was very young, and he had not got any beard. He was very tall. He was dressed all in white, with a golden girdle. And he put out his hand to me, and said to me, 'Do not fear me, O my beautiful bride! do not fear me! Come with me unto my heavenly kingdom. Thou shalt sing and dance in heaven.' So I just ran to him and gripped hold of his hand. And the dog flew at me—but he pulled me up off the earth. He flew on before. He had great white wings like a stork's wings, and they stretched all across the sky. And I followed after him. And the dog was left behind. And it was only then that I understood that the dog was my infirmity, and that in the kingdom of heaven there will be no place for him."*

She remained silent for a little while, and then continued,—

"There was another very curious dream that I had. It seemed more like a vision almost—I do not know. I thought I was lying just as I am now. And my dead father and my dead mother came in. They bowed themselves down to me, but they did not say anything. And I said, 'Father, mother, why should you bow down to me?' And they said, 'Because thy trial is so sore in this world, that thou dost not deliver thine own soul only, but thou hast also taken a great burden off from us, and in the other world thou dost mightily help us. Thou hast already paid for all thine own sins, and now thou dost pay for ours.' And when my father and mother had said that to me, they bowed down again, and vanished away; and I saw

nothing in front of me but the wall again. I did not know what it was that had happened to me. I told the priest about it when I was confessing. But he does not think that it was a vision, because visions very seldom come except to priests, and monks, and nuns.

"There was another dream that I had," continued Lukeria. "I thought that I was sitting at the side of a great road, underneath a willow-tree. I had a stick in my hand, and a wallet on my back, and my head wrapped up in a handkerchief, just like pilgrims have. I was going on a pilgrimage somewhere, a long, long way off. All the pilgrims passed on in front of me. They went very slow, as if they did not want to go; and they all went the same way. They all looked sad, and one of them was just like another. And I saw a woman running to and fro among them. She was a head taller than any of them. Her clothes were not Russian clothes, and she had not a Russian face. She had a thin, hard face. Everybody got out of her way. All of a sudden she turned and came running to me, and she stopped and looked at me. She had yellow eyes, like a hawk's eyes, big, and very clear. I said, 'Who are you?' And she said, 'I am thy death.' Instead of that frightening me, it made me feel so happy, and I crossed myself for joy. Then she that was my death said to me, 'My poor Lukeria, I am sorry I cannot take thee with me. Fare thee well.' I felt such a disappointment, and I said to her, 'Oh do take me with thee, oh my sweet friend! oh my little dove!' So she turned back to me, and explained to me. I knew that she was telling me when my hour would be, but it was not clear: I could not understand it. She said, 'After St. Peter's Lent.'* And then I woke up. See what curious dreams I have."

Lukeria looked upwards, and remained thinking for a little.

"Do you know," she said after a time, "a thing that troubles me? Sometimes I cannot get to sleep for a whole week together. Last year a lady that was travelling passed by here. She came to see me, and she gave me a little bottle of stuff to make me sleep. She told me to take ten drops every time. It did me a great deal of good, and I got sleep. But the bottle was done a long time ago. Do you think you can tell me what stuff it was, and how I could get any more?"

* It is possible that in this allegorical dream the corn is intended to represent the ordinary duties, and the corn-flowers the innocent joys of life. The crown of the latter suggests the nuptial crowns placed on or over the heads of the bride and bridegroom at an Eastern marriage. The crescent moon from which the crosses on Russian churches often spring is regarded as a type of the Blessed Virgin, and may perhaps be meant here to suggest the idea of her intercession, with the help of which Lukeria had looked to fulfil the ordinary duties of life, but through which the crown of an earthly bridal is changed into an aureola of heavenly glory, like those represented on the heads of saints in the sacred icons.

* A fast observed in the Eastern Church between the second Monday after Pentecost and the Martyrdom of the Apostles Peter and Paul (June 29).

What the lady had given Lukeria was evidently opium. I promised the poor creature to get her another bottle of the same medicine, but I could not help expressing again my admiration for her extraordinary patience.

"Oh, sir," she answered, "what are you saying now? What patience do you see in me? There was Simon Stylites, if you like. He was very patient. He waited thirty years on the top of a pillar. Then there was another saint. He had himself buried up to the neck. The ants ate his face. And listen. There was another story I heard from some one that read books. There was a country that the Hagarenes made war against. They tormented the people and killed them. They had no way to escape. So a holy virgin appeared among the people, and took a great sword, and put on a breastplate that weighed eighty pounds, and marched against the Hagarenes, and drove them away across the sea. When she had done that, she said to them, 'Take me and burn me, for I promised to die by fire for my country.' So the Hagarenes took her and burnt her, and her country has been free ever since. That was very deserving, if you like. But what have I done?"

I own that the transmogrification which the history of Jeanne d'Arc had undergone in penetrating to Alexeievka caused me some astonishment. After a moment's silence, I asked Lukeria how old she was.

"Twenty-eight or twenty-nine; not thirty anyways. But what is the use of counting the years? Look here, I will tell you —"

But here she was seized with a fit of hoarse coughing, which was followed by a groan.

"You talk too much," I said quickly; "you may do yourself harm."

"Yes, sir," she whispered, in a voice which was little more than a low hiss, "our talk is done. When you are away, I shall be quite still. But I have opened my heart a little."

I bade her farewell, repeating my promise to send her the medicine, and begged her to think once more whether there was not anything which I could do for her. To reply cost her a violent effort, but her voice was grateful.

"I have no need of anything. Thanks be to God. I have nothing to wish for. God grant health to every one. Sir! do you know what you must do? The people here are very poor. Ask your mother to lower their rents a little. They have not

got enough land. They have not got wood. They will pray to God for you. As for me — I have no need of anything — I have nothing to wish for."

I gave her my word that I would do as she wished, and was going to the door when she called me back.

"Sir," she said — and an expression which I am not able to describe passed for an instant over her eyes and lips — "do you remember what beautiful long hair I used to have? Do you remember? It came down to my knees. I was a long time before I did it — it was such pretty hair. But how could I clean it? So I had it cut off. Yes. Well, sir, good-bye — I cannot talk any more."

The same day, before I started for my shooting, I had a conversation about Lukeria with the head man of the village. He told me that the people in the village called her "the live relics."* He said that she never gave any trouble to any one, and that she had never been heard to utter such a thing as a murmur or a complaint. "She never asks for anything. She is grateful for the least thing. She is very good. Since God has been pleased to smite her, no doubt it must be for her sins. But that is no business of ours. We do not judge her."

Some weeks afterwards, I heard that Lukeria had left this world. Death came to take her "after St. Peter's Lent." They told me that all the day that she died, she heard bells ringing, although Alexeievka is five versts from the church, and the day was not a Sunday. However, Lukeria said the bells did not come from the church, but from "over her." Probably she did not dare to say "from Heaven."

* It is from this that this paper takes its original title. The reference is to the mummied bodies of saints, lying in open coffins, which are to be found in some of the more illustrious Russian churches.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE LITERATURE OF INTROSPECTION. —
TWO RECENT JOURNALS.

"FOR the rest," wrote Maurice de Guérin, at a moment of utter discouragement, when the poetic faculty within him seemed to be ebbing away, leaving nothing behind it, "for the rest, what does it matter whether what we call imagination, poetry, leaves me or stays with me? Whether it goes or comes, the course of my destiny is the same; and whether I

have divined it or not from below, I shall none the less one day behold what is reserved for me. Ought I not rather, forgetting all these anxieties, to apply myself to extending the range of my positive knowledge, ought I not to prefer the least luminous thread of certain truth to the vague glimmerings in which I am too often lost? The man who apprehends any mathematical certainty whatever, is more advanced in the understanding of the true than the finest imagination. He has acquired an inviolable possession in the domain of the intelligence, in which he may dwell to all eternity, whereas the poet is hunted from exile to exile, and will never have any settled home."

This doubt of Maurice de Guérin's implies a conflict which is perpetually repeating itself in natures like his, and which is but an echo of one of the greatest controversies of humanity. How prone has the world always been, how ready is it still to find new arguments as the old fail, whereby to exalt knowledge at the expense of feeling, science at the expense of poetry! And yet so contradictory have been the common opinions and the ultimate action of mankind on the point that the whole course of human development has been one long testimony to the importance and influence of poetry, broadly conceived, upon life. The share of the poets, that is to say of the men of exceptional insight and fervor, in the education of feeling, and thereby in the gradual transformation of human action, has been long ago admitted, and has taken rank as a commonplace. There are few of us who will not grant with Sidney if we are challenged that "as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman." Society, with all her easy contempt for sentiment, has never failed to gather up and treasure in her bosom the great utterances of human emotion, and has shown herself at least as careful of the spiritual experience of an Augustine or a Dante as of any of the discoveries of science.

Still, although in different shapes, this doubt of Maurice de Guérin as to the value of the poetical gift is constantly reasserting itself in opinion, as the forms of poetical expression become more various and complex. The poetical temperament implies two things, sensitiveness to impressions, and a capacity for self-study. But the ordinary man is naturally dis-

trustful of both. His inner conviction, justified in some sort by the whole course of experience, is that to be extremely sensitive to impressions tends to make a man their slave, and that introspection weakens all the springs of action. At bottom we all feel that it is well not to look too closely into existence. To act is the difficult matter. Those who like the great poets of the world can either maintain around us "the infinite illusion" which makes action easier, or stir in us the primal sources of feeling which keep human nature sweet, are welcome and necessary. But what shall we say of the thinkers and dreamers, who, without any supreme magic of expression, or any definite message, make it their whole aim either to unravel the tangle of their own spirit, or to catch and fix in words a few more of those floating and impalpable impressions made upon the mind by the visible world? If their work tends to general edification, if it falls in with current systems and helps to beautify and to subtilize existing prejudices, it may win an easy toleration as one more aid to the optimistic beliefs which the ordinary man loves to see prevail. But supposing it has no tendency to edification outside those few minds which are independent of popular philosophies, supposing its content is one of doubt, its tone one of depression, supposing the whole aim of the producers has been merely to find new modes of expressing feeling, new images in which to embody the subtlest and most fleeting aspects of the visible world? Where, it is often asked, shall we find a less useful and less dignified mode of human activity? Are not these men at least of a poetical race which may be safely and profitably banished from the republic of thought?

So it comes about that many of us have to justify our favorite books, and find a reason, if we can, for the love which is in us. Will not our justification take some such line as the following? The effects of experience on consciousness, — it is in the study of these that all philosophy consists. But the mass of mankind get little from philosophy proper, of which the methods are scientific and its subject the broad averages and normal states of consciousness. Our chief lessons are learned from the visible spectacle of how experience affects those sensitive, impressionable souls between whom and nature the barriers of the flesh are exceptionally light and frail; from the pleasures and pains of genius; from all those striking instances of sensibility, those raised states

of consciousness, contact with which develops a corresponding passion in the beholder. With every age we have seen the capacities and resources of human feeling becoming wider and more complex. Associations between experience and consciousness, which were once thought to be permanent and necessary, are seen to be merely provisional, and beneath them other and stronger links come into view. And in the study of these successive modifications of the mind mankind has been growing more and more desperately interested. The more light, we have come to feel, is thrown upon the evolution of human thought, the vaster becomes our future, the clearer our present.

Such a belief naturally adds enormously to the importance of the whole literature of feeling. It makes us value not only the men who, like Wordsworth, make emotion a means of education, who are inspired by the didactic passion, and endeavor to apply the energy of their feeling to the common needs of life, but also the men like Senancour, whose whole aim is but to feel and to express, and much of whose work may flout our most cherished beliefs. In an age of dissolving creeds and systems it is more and more important to gather up every deep and genuine impression made by life and nature upon the human mind. As the old things pass away and the old paths are deserted, each voice which relates for us with accents of truth and inwardness some passage of intimate human experience becomes of more and more value. Certain forces, at any rate in the form hitherto known to us, can no longer be counted upon for rousing or consoling human hearts. But the world is as much in need of emotion and consolation as ever. There is nothing for it but to turn to those who to the sense of struggle and the susceptibility to impressions add the artist's power of expression. "You who feel vividly what others feel dully, you who can make vocal what is dumb in others, be our guides through the *selva oscura* of experience; give us not so much knowledge as emotion, quicken in us the accurate sense of human need, and reveal to us those glimpses of ideal beauty which are the sustenance of life." Such is practically the demand made upon all who possess the poetical temperament whether they write in poetry or prose, and the want revealed in it explains the hold upon human sympathy of the literature of feeling in all its forms.

It is true indeed, and one of the strange-

nesses of fate, that these heightened states of consciousness, when the mind becomes, as it were, both visible to itself, and able to reflect with extraordinary vividness and brilliancy the world outside it, bring with them too often a Nemesis on the individual. The man tormented and bewildered by nature's hardest problems may often ignore, and destroy himself by ignoring, some of those answers to the commoner puzzles of life and duty which have been wrung from her long ago by human effort and experiment. But the individual passes with all his errors and passions, and his work remains. Let him only have felt more vividly and more variously than the rest of us—he will have added his mite to our knowledge of what man is and may be, he will have rescued one more fragment of the mind from nothingness and silence. The multitude may blame and pass him by, but to the few he will bring added knowledge and new sympathies, and their gratitude should not fail him.

Modern times have witnessed an enormous development of the literature of feeling. With us in Europe the facts of spiritual experience had for many centuries but one language, the language of the great religion which had absorbed into itself all the older philosophical and spiritual enthusiasms of the world. But in the multiplication of sensations and experiences which the West has seen since the Renaissance, the language of religion has not expanded fast enough to meet the new needs of the soul. They have had to find for themselves a fresh and supplementary language, expressing shades and subtleties of relation between man and the great spectacle of the universe, unknown to older generations. To this language, Rousseau, with his sympathy for nature on the one side, and his sensitiveness to the shades of human feeling on the other, made contributions in the last century which have been, as we all know, of far-reaching influence upon our own. But a much higher degree of inwardness has been reached in the modern world than was possible to Rousseau. The study of nature and of human life, growing keener and profounder as the fathomless mystery of both has been brought home more undisguisedly to a wider range of minds, has had its issue in forms of expression through which not only are the great objects of experience more and more plainly apprehended, but the powers of the mind are more and more revealed

to itself. The modern poetry of nature is one such form, with its two strains, the strain of hungry yearning —

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, *were then to me*
An appetite —

and the strain of spiritual rapture and aspiration, embodying

a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man.

What we may call the modern literature of despair is another such outlet. One of its chief preachers was the man who may be said to stand at the beginning of the introspective writing of the century. Obermann (Etienne de Senancour) will always remain for us a type of one of the main tendencies of introspective literature. More than this, like that of his great successor in the art of delicate and intimate description, Maurice de Guérin, his work may be taken as illustrative in the highest degree of that divining, penetrating gift which is to our mind the only but the sufficient *raison d'être* of a whole class of books.

The letters of Senancour indeed have never obtained any vogue either in this country or their own. The art of a living English poet has drawn from the harsh utterance of Senancour's personality all that was morally inspiring in it, and has made him, by the associations of beautiful verse, a name at least of pity and veneration to many of us. But the book itself is difficult to read; it is diffuse; we may easily regard a great deal of it as mere posing; and there is in it an insensibility to what the English temperament in particular is accustomed to regard as the commonplaces of civil and domestic duty, which make us at first inclined to deny the right of complaint altogether to a man who has taken the world so perversely. But, after all, it is scarcely worth the trouble of insisting that Obermann would have been a happier and better man if he had put his hand patiently to the wheel of human labor, instead of escaping from labor to reverie, if he had thought better of women, and cherished a nobler ideal of marriage, if he had denied himself a great deal of easy contempt for human customs and human faiths. All this may be true; and yet to the careful observer the book may be none the less justified of itself.

Nowhere else can we find so true, so full a picture of a phase of human feeling which had never been expressed before, and has never been expressed since, with the same realism and precision. In that fact lies the importance of Obermann. It is well to recognize that there are certain books whose claim upon us is, first and foremost, that they add one more to the documents which enable us to map out the regions of the mind, and so the better to understand our past and forecast our future.

The letters of Obermann belong to this class. Like the "Confessions" of Rousseau they revealed a generation to itself, inferior as their stuff is to the stuff of the older book in all that gives a man's thought vogue and influence among his fellows. The aimless, restless melancholy "inherent in the epoch," according to M. du Camp, never found a franker exponent than Obermann. "Of what avail has it been to me that I have left all in search of a freer life? If I have had glimpses of things in harmony with my nature, it has only been in passing, without enjoying them, and with no other effect than to redouble in myself the impatience to possess them. I am not the slave of passion; I am more unhappy still. The vanities of passion do not deceive me — but after all, must not life be filled with something? When an existence is empty, can it satisfy? If the life of the heart is but an agitated nothing, is it not better to leave it for a more tranquil nothing? It seems to me that the intelligence seeks some result; if I could learn in any way what good my life is seeking! I long for something which may veil and hasten the hours. It is impossible that I should always endure to feel them rolling so heavily over me, lonely and slow, without desires, without emotions, without aim."

And yet side by side with all the despair and the cynicism, there emerges the sense of beauty, and even the moral passion which have been the guiding forces of our time. Take this meditation on the slavery of pleasure: "To consecrate to pleasure alone the faculties of life is to give oneself over to eternal death. However fragile may be these powers of mine, I am responsible for them, and they must bear their fruits. Benefits of existence as they are, I will preserve them; I will do them honor. I will not, at least, enfeeble myself within myself till the inevitable moment comes. Oh, profundities of the universe, shall it be in vain that it is given to us to perceive you? The majesty

of night alone repeats from age to age, woe to every soul that takes its pleasure in servitude!"

Or this exquisite flower scene, with which the whole strange drama ends: "The violet and the field daisy are rivals. They have the same season, the same simplicity. But the violet enthrals us with each returning spring; the daisy keeps our love from year to year. The violet recalls the purest sentiments of love, as it presents itself to upright hearts. But after all, this love itself, so persuasive and so sweet, is but a beautiful accident of life. It passes, while the peace of nature and the country remains with us to our latest hour. And of all this reposeful joy, the daisy is the patriarchal symbol. If I ever reach old age, and if, one day while still full of thoughts, although no longer desirous of pouring them out upon men, I find beside me a friend who will receive my farewell to earth, let him place my chair upon the grass, and let tranquil daisies be there before me, under the sun, under the vast heaven, so that in leaving the life which passes, I may recover something of the infinite illusion."

This loftier note in Obermann leads us naturally to another strain of introspection, with which he has in general very little in common. As we all know, in the midst of a widespread disintegration of positive belief, and of a society penetrated from top to bottom by the new ardors of science, the modern world has witnessed a wonderful resurrection of the religious spirit. The revival of religious intensity, taking "religious" in a broad sense, has been half of what we call the romantic movement. The mental passion and tumult roused by the disclosure of new horizons and the growth of a thousand new perceptions overflowed, very early in the century, into the old channels of religious life, filling, deepening, or diverting them, as the case might be. And as time has gone on, this particular impulse among the many which have gone to make up one vast movement of the modern mind towards greater actuality and force, both of apprehension and presentment, has embodied itself in finer and finer shapes. With us, the leaders of Tractarianism and the earlier Broad Churchmen; in France the group of widely differing men who, thirty years ago, raised the standard of a democratic Catholicism; in Italy Rosmini, have been striking representatives in the field of religion of tendencies visible over all other fields of thought. On the one side we have seen the new developments

in the language of feeling becoming immensely helpful to religion; on the other we have been witnesses to a constant anxiety on the part of religion to keep feeling within certain bounds, balanced by an equally constant tendency on the part of feeling to escape from those bounds, and to adopt standards and traditions at variance with those of official and organized belief.

Of this religious revival, taking shape, in many minds, rather in a tender idealist exaltation than in definite forms of faith, Maurice de Guérin is, perhaps, the most pathetic and penetrating voice. His work, with all its defects and weaknesses, can hardly be denied a permanent place among the utterances of modern sentiment, if only because it combines and harmonizes so many different strains. We may find in it echoes from the despair of Obermann, side by side with the Wordsworthian sensitiveness to the spells and effluences of natural things; while beyond, and interpenetrating these two modes of expression, is a third, quite individual, which forms another fresh and important contribution to our knowledge of the inner world in man. How shall we characterize this strange nature, so painfully clairvoyant in certain directions, so dull in others, torn between two passions, the passion for God, and the haunting, insatiable passion for an evanescent and finite nature? Maurice de Guérin is like the mortals of his own prose poem "who have picked up in the waters or in the woods, and carried to their lips some fragments of the pipe broken by the god Pan," and who thenceforward, possessed by a wild and secret passion, live only for nature and her mysteries. That strange instinct of community with the visible world which appears to us, the more we study it, as the development of a new sense in men, was in him the strongest of all instincts. "As a child," writes his sister, "he was accustomed to spend long hours in gazing at the horizon, or leaning against a tree," listening to those *sounds of nature* which, as a boy of eleven, he tried to embody in a long prose poem. "There is something in nature," he wrote later on, "whether she smiles and adorns herself in fair weather, or whether she becomes pale, grey, cold, and stormy in autumn and in winter, which moves not only the surface of the soul, but its most secret depths, and rouses a thousand memories which have in appearance no connection with the spectacle before us, but which no doubt maintain a correspon-

dence with the soul of nature by means of sympathies which are unknown to us." These sympathies which he was thus accustomed to watch and study in himself as mysterious forces in some sort independent of his will, strengthened with his growth till they attained at once a force of being and a subtlety of expression hardly to be matched in the whole range of imaginative literature.

But the tragedy of Guérin's life lay in the fact that whereas throughout half his being he was a child of nature and of poetical contemplation, throughout the other he was a Catholic, formed by an ancestral faith, and ready to carry into the expression of it as much intensity and passion as into the expression of his divining and imaginative gift. And how is it possible that the true Catholic should continue to allow himself that abandonment to the impressions of nature, which to Maurice de Guérin was a necessity of life? To the Catholic the visible world is a mere stage on which is played out the central scene from the drama of human life, of which the preparatory and concluding scenes belong to the world of eternity. To absorb oneself in nature, therefore, is either to waste upon something passing and ephemeral, sympathies which are exclusively claimed by a different and more lasting order of phenomena, or still worse, it is to run the risk of confounding the Creator with the created, and of losing oneself in a pantheistic mysticism. Maurice de Guérin had no sooner arrived at maturity than the conflict between these two strains in him became almost intolerable. After an exquisite description of a fine Good Friday, when the divine beauty of the spring had brought back to him in all their freshness some of the earliest impressions of his childhood, he breaks off with the remorseful cry, "My God, what is my soul about, to let herself be thus seduced by all these fugitive joys, upon Good Friday, upon a day filled with thy death and with our redemption!"

And a little later on, when sudden cold has checked the spring and withered not only the flowers, but all the pleasure of the poet, he writes sadly: "I am more depressed than in winter. In days like this, there is revealed to me at the bottom of my heart, in the deepest and most intimate recesses of my being, a sort of strange despair; it is a kind of desolation and darkness far from God. My God, how is it that my rest is troubled by whatever passes in the air, and that the peace

of my soul is thus given over to the caprices of the winds!"

For a time the struggle continues, and then the whole man is suddenly penetrated by a new idea, which for the moment supersedes it. Under the influence of sympathy for M. Lamennais, in the struggle which began with "*L'Avenir*" and culminated in the "*Paroles d'un Croyant*," the burden of his creed seems temporarily to fall away from him, and for a moment he asserts himself against the bonds which have been upon him since his birth. "I shall never be anything but an ant carrying a grain to the construction of the future; but, however small may be my powers they will not the less be inspired by a grand and sacred thought — the thought which drives the century before it, the noblest and the strongest after that of God — the thought of liberty." Such was the dream of his first months in Paris — a fugitive dream! So fragile and delicate a plant was not made for the keen air of freedom, and very soon upon the momentary exultation descends a cloud of black misgiving. "O truth, dost thou not sometimes appear to me like a luminous phantom behind a cloud? Yet the first wind effaces thee! Wast thou then nothing but an illusion of the eyes of the soul? Reason and faith! When these two words shall make but one the enigma of the world will be solved. Meanwhile how to wait? At the moment I write, the sky is magnificent, nature breathes upon us airs fresh and full of life. The world rolls melodiously onward, and amidst all these harmonies something sad and timid circulates; the mind of man, who is restless in the presence of all this order which he cannot understand."

And at last, in the antechamber of death, the tender nature wasted with fever of body and mind bows itself once more to the old yoke, and the Church reclaims her son.

Here then we have one more faithful record of a rare and beautiful experience, one more typical story of the inner life of man. But Maurice de Guérin's claim is more than this. It is as the discoverer of new terms in the language of the soul, the lifter of one more corner of the veil that he makes his deepest impression upon us. Take, for instance, the passage in his journal on the death of his friend and adopted sister, Mme. de la Morvonnais, in which his artist's gift of expression had rendered for us the very essence of tender and meditative grief. "I have broken

the idea of her terrestrial existence: I have effaced her from the outer world. All is changed; a whole scene of actual life has withdrawn itself from my heart, and I have beheld entering, in its place, the incorruptible images and forms of the unknown world which surrounds us. Why do we spend ourselves on the world of sight? What secret beauties of nature have more power to draw and keep our hearts than those mysterious coasts on which Marie faded from our gaze?

"And yet often in the very formation of this phantom world, grief shaken off for a moment returns and falls upon me in the midst of the most tranquillizing visions. I can only escape from it in beginning over again the pilgrimage of memory. The light and silent steps of my imagination take once more the beloved paths; like Paul wandering in his island, I return drawn by an invisible attraction to the place of shipwreck. Thus am I able to cheat and distract those bitter regrets which no consolation dare approach. I surround them with a murmuring crowd of memories. Grief listens to their mingled voices and considers their features marked by a thousand expressions, till at length his headlong course grows calmer and takes the cadence and gentleness of a gliding stream."

The special power represented by such writing as this is surely a power struck out in the writer by a peculiar combination of circumstances, of describing those ethereal moods which form the meeting-place between the spirit and nature, and so of becoming a herald of fresh experiences to other minds.

M. de Guérin's work brings us to the threshold of our own time. What parallel can we make to it in England during the last twenty years? The period teems with journals and biographies of one kind or another. But is there anything among them which in time to come will stand for a typical expression, either of feeling wrought to its highest point of divining intensity, or of feeling expressed under such conditions of knowledge and freedom from prejudice as may enable it to appeal to the world in general and not only to a clique however large? In the precise shape in which we are at present seeking for it, we shall find little or nothing of the kind. The voice of philosophy and argument we know, the voice of poetry and poetical description; but the voice of reverie, the note of delicate and sincere introspection, is almost unknown to us. For our purpose, the most impor-

tant utterance in the whole period is that of Mill in the "Autobiography." That deeply interesting book lacks the expansion and the intimacy of tone which would have come naturally to a Frenchman of Mill's calibre; but its very austerity and simplicity give it importance amongst its kind, and there is one passage in it which describes how the young man of twenty-one, isolated by his training from the ordinary sources of emotion, suddenly awakes to the claims of feeling and from what sources he is able to satisfy them, which will probably be long recognized as a landmark in English spiritual history. In that remarkable novel of two seasons ago, "John Inglesant," there was more of the true power of reverie than has yet appeared among our prose-writers; and its success seems to show that there is after all some future for the literature of reverie in England. But for the most part our books of spiritual experience have been of a quite other type. The "Memorials of a Quiet Life" may be regarded as the representative of them; and it is no disrespect to a book that has given and still gives pleasure to thousands of congenial minds, that beside the penetration and diffusiveness of a content like Maurice de Guérin's, the dominant content of the Hare correspondence has no sort of chance of permanence.

Nor has recent French literature been any better off. France has been spending her strength of late in republishing old memoirs and writing new ones, of a kind most useful and important to the world of letters, but wholly unconcerned with the peculiar literature we have been discussing. The present year, however, has seen the emergence of two books, one produced among the mountains of eastern France and the other at Geneva, which ask our attention on the same grounds as Rousseau, as Senancour, or Maurice de Guérin. The class to which they belong is so small and its importance so considerable, that we can hardly afford to neglect any contributions to it, however much they may differ in point of literary quality. Nor indeed have there been any symptoms of such neglect in the present case. Both have won an audience, and one at least of them, the "*Journal Intime*" of the Genevese professor, Henri Frédéric Amiel, has made an impression during the ten months which have elapsed since its publication, which seems to show that in the midst of the physical and material stress of our day, and the weakening of so many of the older stimuli of emotion, numbers

of minds are now fully alive to the exceptional interest which attaches to any effective presentation of the modes in which the human spirit is learning to adapt its loving, hoping, and suffering to the altered conditions of modern knowledge.

But it is not with M. Amiel that we are at present concerned. The "*Journal Intime*" belongs, if we are not mistaken, to the first-rate books of the world. It is a revelation of the modern spirit, equalling any of the great records of intimate experience in the range and quality of mind which it represents and in the distinction and beauty of its style. We propose to give a detailed account of it next month. The other, infinitely less important both in substance and in manner, is yet full of interest to an observer of the sources of modern joys and griefs, and a short review of it may serve as a fitting conclusion to these remarks upon the literature of introspection. The "*Journal d'un Solitaire*," by Xavier Thiriat, published apparently somewhere in the Vosges a few years ago, was brought forward in the French press early in the present year by M. Scherer, whose unflinching literary tact had discerned the merit and place of this record of Vosges peasant life. It represents a year's diary, kept by the paralyzed son of a Vosges farmer, and it describes to us how a youth who had lost the use of his limbs when a boy of ten, rises from a condition of despondency and comparative uselessness to one of influence, activity, and inward happiness. Certain parts of it are conventional and insignificant, but the part which remains, though not by any means of a high intellectual quality, has yet an accent of universality, a freedom from the restrictions of country and nationality, which ought to carry it beyond the immediate circle and people of the writer. Our own English journals are almost always wanting in this accent. They have the accent of Anglicanism, of the English parsonage or of Puritan association, each powerful in its turn with Anglicans, or with those living within the recognized circle of English country life, or with English Puritans of different shades. But if you come to put one of them into the hands of somebody widely dissociated from it in place and circumstances, he will get little or nothing from it; it speaks a language only really understood in a particular mental district. In this unpretending French journal, with all its occasional affectation and conventionality, there is something which appeals to the sympathies of everybody pos-

sessing a heart and intelligence, whatever may be his inherited relations to life and religion. The story is briefly this:—

Xavier Thiriat, the son of a French peasant in the valley of Cleurie in the Vosges, was born in 1835. He grew up a bright, active little boy, delighting in all exercises both of body and mind, in the long hours which he and his companions spent herding cattle in the Vosges mountains, in the glissades of winter down the long ice-slopes of the valley as well as in the competition of the village school, and in the reading of a few tattered books, Fénelon's "*Télémaque*" among them, hidden away in an old cupboard of the farm. One January day, however, he and his companions were going to a catechising class to be held some distance down the valley. They had to cross a canal swollen by winter rain, and bridged by one narrow plank. Xavier passed first, but the little girl next to him missed her footing and fell into the water, overturning the plank in her fall. Xavier sprang into the water, caught the child, helped her to scramble out, put back the plank, and still clinging to it, waist-deep in the ice-cold water, helped the other children to cross. Then all hurried on to school in dread of a scolding from the priest. They arrived late, and Xavier, shivering with cold, had to sit near the door during the lesson, and afterwards to walk home through a bitter air, which froze his wet clothes upon him. For two days he felt no consequence beyond a certain *malaise*; then began excruciating pains in the limbs, and for nearly a month the child's shrieks were almost incessant night and day. This state of active suffering and confinement to bed continued in a rather less acute form for about a year, and at the end of that time, it was evident from the distorted and useless limbs, that the boy would henceforth never be anything but a paralytic invalid.

Much kindness was shown to him in his trouble. The schoolmaster of the village came to him out of school hours and taught him for nothing, and as it became evident that no sort of active employment would ever be possible to him, he learnt how to sew and embroider, and thus to while away the long hours. But it was in the store of old books from which as a child he had pillaged "*Télémaque*" that he found his best consolation. They consisted of an "*Ancient Geography*," and an "*Abridgment of all the Sciences*," and a "*History of Morocco*," Young's "*Night Thoughts*" (of course in a French trans-

lation), the "Lives of the Saints" in twelve volumes, the "Book of Tobit," the "Synodal Statutes of the Diocese of Toul," and the "Psalms." From these materials the boy built for himself a house of the mind in which he could dwell with some content and resignation. It was the "Abridgment of all the Sciences" which especially fascinated him, and which induced him at the age of fifteen to begin regular meteorological observations, and to communicate them month by month to the local paper. Thenceforward his life was no longer empty. Some light manual labor enabled him to earn his living without burdening his family, and for the rest his hours were filled up with the pursuit of such science as was within his reach, and in summer by long meditations out of doors and in the sunshine, long self-abandonments to the delights of flowers, colors, and sounds to which he became more and more sensitive as years went on.

As he grew into manhood, however, the limitations of his condition made themselves for a time more painfully felt than ever. He was of an impressionable, expansive disposition, and it seemed hard to him at the age of twenty, as it must have seemed hard to many another in similar circumstances, that none of the commonest joys of life could ever be his, — no work in sun and air, no country merrymaking, no courting or taking in marriage. When he was about eighteen or nineteen, a young girl from a neighboring farm took some friendly notice of him, and the youth, whose reading had gradually extended itself to books like Gilbert, Millevoye, and Lamartine, threw himself into the friendship with romantic zeal, and for a time made it the centre of his thoughts. But naturally a maiden with prudent parents was not long allowed to concern herself with a hopeless cripple, and Lillie was forbidden to meet and talk to young Thiriat as she had been accustomed to do. This little incident, in all respects natural and inevitable, brought Xavier's discontents to the surface, and for the next few years his habitual condition seems to have been one of struggle with his lot, and of incapacity to find in it any lasting source of contentment. Scientific study, however, still remained to him, and he appears to have clung to it in his blackest times as the only possible barrier between him and utter despondency. And gradually the clouds lifted, and he passed into a state of more or less habitual serenity and patience with life,

the causes of which we shall presently try to describe.

At some time or other of this period he seems to have begun to keep a diary, and the published journal takes us through the year 1860, when he attained the age of twenty-five, and to which he seems afterwards to have looked back as the critical year of his life. To the daily records of the journal he must have added for publication passages describing the principal incidents in his earlier career, so that the little book is really a complete picture of his development up to the moment when he appears to have gathered about him, from different sources, a sufficient stock of happiness wherewith to shelter and sweeten his future life. Whence was this happiness drawn? From the most simple and obvious sources, representing, however, in their measure the chief human felicities. From nature and poetry in the first place: "For me, I have never sought out the joys of my life; they have come, so to speak, to find me. They have grown and flowered under my feet like the field daisies, though I have not always perceived them at first sight. Often indeed I have overlooked them: it was not always allowed me to see clearly through my tears. I have known them in the few journeys that I have made since my childhood. . . . I have known them in my walks, along the hedges, fields, and pastures of the hill above my home; in observing the flowers, the mosses, the birds; in those poetical reveries or rather ravishments in which voices, colors, and perfumes blended themselves for me into a heavenly harmony; in the hours spent with my favorite poets under the shadow of the beech-trees, when the chaffinch piped on the highest branch, and gusts of cool wind shook the leaves; while the butterflies — 'sons of the Virgin' as we were taught to call them in childhood — floated softly in the air or between the branches of the trees, and all the story of the poet — I saw it under my eyes in nature."

From science and books in the second place. Nothing can be more naïve or more sincere than the excitement and enthusiasm he shows about his various scientific studies. "This morning," he writes in May, "I have gathered some plants in bloom round my retreat, and I have busied myself with classifying them. Each day will bring me fresh flowers now and new species. The immense book of nature is open under my eyes, and it shall

be my principal study. In my hermitage, surrounded with flowers and birds, there is no more place for melancholy. To-day I feel a charm I had almost ceased to feel." Later on a kind uncle bestowed a donkey on the cripple, and with this welcome animal harnessed to a tiny wooden cart the poor recluse is able, for the first time for fifteen years, to move freely about the neighborhood. One of the first uses that he makes of this new power of movement is to plan a history of his native valley: "My wish has always been to write a paper on the history of my valley. For a long time past I have been questioning the older men, and taking notes on all occasions upon the antiquity of the country populations, their history, manners, superstitions, legends, popular beliefs, etc. Now it is a book that I dare to plan, a book of some length, which may be a picture both of the past and of the present, and I shall consult for it the archives of our commune and of the communes near. Already the outline of the book grows clear to me. It will take years to write, but the prospect is delightful to me."

Often indeed, after an evening passed in answering the questions of a group of curious peasants on some of the elementary facts of physical science, he has his moments of discouragement. "This elementary half-knowledge is nowadays to me little more than the measure of my ignorance. I despair of learning more with the few resources I have in this complete isolation from the world, and it seems to me that I shall never be able to disengage my mind from the swaddling-clothes which encircle and stifle it." The moment of depression, however, soon passes; a little kindly interest shown in him by a friend, the loan of a book, the arrival of some new plants or insects, above all the wholesome stir in his life created by the acquisition of the donkey, and by his work as *greffier* or secretary to the commune, always suffice in the long run to restore his cheerfulness and hope in the future, and the crippled youth ends the record of his year with the quiet words, "I know yet very little, but I have courage and I hope." Since then the book on the valley of Cleurie has appeared and gained a public prize. Various other studies on the agriculture and scenery of the neighborhood have also been published; and to judge from M. Campaux's preface to the journal, not only has Xavier Thiriat improved and developed his own aptitudes, but he has formed round him a circle of people in the same class as himself de-

voted to the same studies and eager for the same pleasures.

Religion, speaking broadly, seems to have meant much to Thiriat; Catholicism, taken strictly, very little. His infirmity naturally prevented him from sharing much in the religious practice of the neighborhood, although in the few church ceremonies he was able to attend his impressionable temperament drew constant delight from the "religious singing, the melodies of the organ, the perfumes of incense and of candles." Religious expressions of the ordinary kind occur in his book, but no temptation to the life of a *dévo*t, so natural to the invalid in Catholic countries, seems to have overtaken him. It is evident that unconsciously to himself his spiritual life was chiefly vitalized by interests and influences of a more universal kind than those belonging to any given system of faith.

Lastly, among the new elements of happiness which made the year 1860 memorable to him, we may reckon the gain of several new friends brought him by scientific studies, and the recognized place in life afforded him by his appointment as *greffier* to the commune. The cry of the first half of the diary is for a friend first of all; and next, for some useful part in society, which shall make it possible for him to be something else than an object of pity or ridicule to his fellow-men. By the end of the year he was able to exclaim with joy: "The future, once so dark, appears to me under the most smiling colors; *I have friends and protectors*. My God! I never should have thought it possible to be so happy." The last day of the old year arrives, and Xavier, looking back over his journal, sees in it the record of a state of transition from "a first youth," tormented with dreams and regrets, mad, extravagant, and despairing, to a "second youth ripened by study and friendship." And he passes the threshold of the new in a glow of feeling and aspiration. "For me, as for all, the future remains obscure, uncertain, unknown; but a tide of hope has come flooding into my heart, and I shall enter the gate of the opening year with gaiety and contentment."

There are other notes than these we have tried to reproduce, in this little journal. A short description of it may very easily convey a false impression that the book is sometimes virtuous overmuch, that is to say, virtuous for effect. The pictures of common life, however, interspersed in it, the lively pieces of dialogue and shrewd descriptions of peasant char-

acter, show a sense of humor which, when the journal is read as a whole, tend to remove this impression, and to make one forget the evident leaven in it of Lamar-tine and Bernardin de St. Pierre. But it is not so much what Xavier Thiriat has to tell us about life or nature that is important or interesting; it is the personality itself, its modes of thinking and feeling, its means of happiness under unfavorable conditions that are worth studying. For us who are so apt to alarm and terrify ourselves as to the future sources of enthusiasm, and therefore of action, in man, the book adds one more to the facts that console and point us forward. Science, nature, poetry, human kindness, bound together and encompassed, all of them, by some spiritual hope, however vague and large—in these, it seems to say to us, lie the motive powers of the future, powers which will but strengthen as others decay.

George Sand, in discussing Obermann and the kindred literature of her own day, saw in it signs of a probable indefinite multiplication of "moral maladies." The comment which a modern observer is inclined to make upon her prophecy is that it divined only half the truth. The forces of human nature tend, after all, perpetually to the same level. If old joys are passing away, new joys, which are perhaps but the old new born, are rising into life. If the human spirit is more conscious than ever before of its own limitations and of the iron pressure of its physical environment, it is also, paradox as it may seem, more conscious of its own greatness, more deeply thrilled by the nobility and beauty interwoven with the universe. Such is the deepest meaning of modern poetry, such is the main impression left upon us with increasing force by almost all the attempts of the modern spirit to throw light upon itself.

M. A. W.

From Temple Bar.

THE FOUR SILVERPENNYS.

MR. SILVERPENNY was a bachelor, who, at sixty-seven, found himself with few friends and no relations to lay claim to the very respectable fortune he had amassed by years of labor and self-denial.

As is not unfrequently the case, now that he had climbed to the top of the ladder he found that, so far as he was concerned, the pleasure of making the money far exceeded the pleasure of spending it.

The habits of years cannot be cast aside in a day, and to be lavish or even liberal needs, as most other qualities do, a certain amount of education. This, as regarded expenditure, Mr. Silverpenny had never had. He had come to the town where he lived when a mere boy, had worked his way upwards from clerk to master, and, retired now from business, he lived in an unpretentious house, his wants attended to by a faithful, honest housekeeper, who closed her hand as tightly over her master's money as she did over her own. The two had grown old together, and their peculiarities and the practice of their small economies were now a part of their nature. To alter his surroundings, go to a more fashionable quarter of the town, live in any other way than he did, never occurred to Mr. Silverpenny. One care alone weighed heavily on him, and that was to decide what he should do with his money. Nothing in the newspapers interested him half as much as the wills of the various persons, their bequests, and how they disposed of their property; but though these perusals—extending over many years now—had afforded him much varied and strange information, up to the present date he had not come across any favorable precedent for the solution of his difficulty.

There were hospitals, orphanages, charities without number, each and every one calling loudly for support from him; but even while living, Mr. Silverpenny turned a deaf ear to such appeals, agreeing with his old housekeeper, Martha, that such places went mostly "to harbor idle vagabonds." No, he had not toiled for such as these.

Churches? In his opinion there were already too many. Schools? It was enough if boys could write and read. Poor Mr. Silverpenny! had he carried his £70,000 on his back he could hardly have felt its burden more heavily.

The 20th of May was his birthday, and according to custom, Martha, who had marked the festival by her choice of his dinner, was detained after clearing the cloth away to drink a glass of wine to the health of her master.

"Sixty-seven you be," she said, setting down on the table the glass from which she had sipped—"twelve months older than you was this day last year. Hm! Well, you looks it," and she regarded him fixedly.

Mr. Silverpenny winced under Martha's searching eye. He knew, as well as she did, that there was truth in her candor.

During the past year, for some reason unknown, he had felt that he was sliding down life's hill two steps at a time, and it was with a sigh that he answered, "Quite true, Martha, I'm beginning to feel an old man."

"Oh, 'twan't o' that I was thinking, for I follows so close behind ye that when you dies through fright of old age I shall quake for fear, but 'tis — Well, you ain't the man you was, master."

Mr. Silverpenny nodded his head assentingly.

"And," continued Martha, "'tis time that if I was you I should put my house in order." Mr. Silverpenny did not answer, but he stroked his chin meditatively.

"Ha'n't ye got no relations o' no kind nowheres?"

Martha had long been acquainted with her master's difficulty.

No. Mr. Silverpenny had no relations whatever. "Mine is a very uncommon name," he said, "very."

"I'll bound if you went up to London you'd find Silverpennys in plenty. Oh, now, you don't know, master" — for Mr. Silverpenny had given her to see how he dissented from her — "why look to me, Martha Green, I've neither kith nor kin so far as I know by; but if I'd got money to leave away, take my word if there wouldn't spring up a reg'lar crop o' Greens to claim relation with me. And so with Silverpennys — there ain't any other here 'tis true, but up to London, don't tell me; I'll wager you'd find 'em there in scores."

This argument had frequently before been advanced by Martha, and as frequently pooh-poohed by Mr. Silverpenny; but driven to his wits' ends to know what else to do, although he did not say so to her, he entertained the thought now more seriously, brooded on it that night, and the result was that some six weeks later Mr. Silverpenny announced to Martha his intention of starting for London on the morrow.

"That's right," she said approvingly, "and what you ought to have done long ago."

The root of many of our paradoxical eccentricities might be traced to vanity, and without doubt some feeling of this kind had prompted Mr. Silverpenny to desire that the fortune he had to leave should be inherited by some one who at least bore his name. As he had said to Martha, it was a singular one, and when, the morning after his arrival in London, desiring

the waiter of the hotel to procure for him the Post-Office Directory for that year, he opened the book to begin his search, he felt a certain degree of trepidation.

There were Silversides and Silverstones, Silverlocks and Silverthornes, but in all the "court" portion a Silverpenny — not one. Still, that was only half the book. There was the commercial list yet to run through, with no better success — not — stay though. Yes, and he read, "Silverpenny, John James, baker, 21 New Street, Old Kent Road." Martha was not right although not absolutely wrong, the scores of Silverpennys like the cats had turned out to be one. Summoning the waiter, Mr. Silverpenny desired that he might be directed to the Old Kent Road. An omnibus which passed close by he found would take him there, and he was soon deposited some twenty yards distant from the baker's door.

The shop was a modest one, with its window full of bread, at which Mr. Silverpenny stood staring, trying to find some excuse for going in. Naturally he did not wish to at once blurt out his reasons for coming. Yet what could he ask for? there was nothing but bread there — not a biscuit — not a bun. He walked past and back again, and then, not being given to hesitation, he stepped in.

"A roll," echoed the baker's wife; "certainly," and she handed him two, saying: "That's to-day's, this is a stale one."

Mr. Silverpenny made his choice. At the same time asking might he be allowed to eat it there. "I'm a trifle tired," he said, "and it will rest me."

"Johnny, bring out a chair here."

"That's good," thought Mr. Silverpenny, "they've a boy," but, to his disappointment, the bearer of the chair was the baker, who, placing it for him, remarked that the weather was hot but seasonable, and then, presuming that his customer came from the country, he inquired how the crops might be looking down his way.

Mr. Silverpenny gave the best answer he could to the question, for being a town-bred man, except in the grain he didn't know cockle from corn. Whatever he said, however, seemed to satisfy the baker, who needed only the very smallest opportunity to let his tongue run glibly, and, to Mr. Silverpenny's satisfaction, the roll was not half got through before he was able to introduce the subject which he had kept ready all the while, by saying, "Your name, Silverpenny, is a very uncommon one."

"Ah, I believe you," said the baker complacently. "There ain't another Silverpenny in all London."

"Not as you know of, Johnny," said his wife circumspcctly.

"Not that nobody knows of," asserted the baker confidently; "and more than that, I don't believe you'd find more than one other than me if you was to search through all England."

"And he is, I suppose, related to you?" said Mr. Silverpenny cautiously.

"No, not as I know of in any way, though he's the sort of friend that sticks closer than a brother, and so he's proved himself to me, and I'm proud to be beholden to one who bears the name of Silverpenny."

"He always holds to it," said the wife, "that you two must be related to one another; he's a rector," she added, to Mr. Silverpenny, "and's got a parish of his own in the country."

Fortunately for the satisfaction of Mr. Silverpenny's curiosity, the attention of the baker's wife was at this moment engrossed by the advent of the greengrocer, and while that worthy housewife chaffered over the prices of cabbages and onions, Mr. Silverpenny adroitly made himself master of the baker's past history. It was a very simple one — he had fallen ill, and left his situation to go to a hospital, from which he was sent out weak, and all but penniless, to make his way back to London. At a country town on the way he had completely broken down, and declared that he must have died from want had not the curate there — the other Silverpenny — heard his name and helped him on; "and that did not end all he did for me," he added, "he lent me money, he gave me clothes, and he wrote a letter to a friend he had here — well, the parson of that very church which, if you come to where I'm standing, its spire you can see; and, as it turned out, Mr. Webber, that was the clergyman's name, knew of a party here, a baker, as from being old and infirm, wanted a brisk young chap to keep things going. Mr. Silverpenny answered for me, and whether he was foolish or wise in his man, is best shown, inasmuch as that business is now mine. The old gentleman is gone, and I stand in his shoes as master here. She," and he indicated his wife, "was his niece. I tell her I took her with the fixtures. Ah, well, I might ha' done worse. The bad job is, we've got no children, you see. 'Tis a pity, ain't it, a tidy business like this, and nobody to leave it to?"

"The other one — the rector I mean — is a rich man, I suppose."

"Rich! Ah, bless ye, not he, he's as poor as a church mouse, and would be if he'd got the double of what he's got now; but he's a gentleman every inch of him, and a Christian too; and, as I say, if he don't go to heaven, I don't know who will. 'Twill be a poor look-out for such as me and you."

Mr. Silverpenny did not pick up the stone cast at him.

"Where might this gentleman live?" he said, "and is he married — has he a family?"

"Yes, there's a boy — one — and a fine chap he is. He's schooling at Harrow. They pinched themselves to let him go, and I send him a cake whenever I can, a real good one too, no mistake," and he winked his eye. "He'd tell ye, would Master Charlie, that it ain't half a bad thing to have a friend a baker."

"I should agree with him," said Mr. Silverpenny.

"Ah, I'd do more than that for the son of his father," said the baker. "I was a stranger and he took me in — hungry and he fed me — naked and he clothed me. That's what I call acting up to Scripture, I do."

"And all because of your being called Silverpenny?"

"Well, so he said; but, bless you, if not, he'd ha' done the same; not, mind, but he's proud of the name, oh very, and so am I too, and rightly I take it, when there's but the two, John James Silverpenny, baker, 21 New Street, Old Kent Road, and the Rev. Anthony Charles Silverpenny, rector of Gaphthorn, near Colchester — Essex, you know."

Once in possession of the information he wanted, Mr. Silverpenny soon brought his visit to a close. At parting, he shook the friendly baker by the hand, and as soon as he was out of sight of the shop he hailed a cab, and telling the driver where he wished to go, was soon deposited at the Fenchurch Street Station. Fortune favored his plans so far, that a train for Colchester was shortly starting; and having arrived that far, and fortified himself for the two miles' walk to Gaphthorn, he started for the rectory.

This time he meant to adopt another plan, he would no longer suppress his cognomen, but boldly send in his card bearing the name of Silverpenny.

"Silverpenny! and not my friend the baker."

The rector, into whose sanctum Mr.

Silverpenny had been taken, looked at him with curiosity.

Assuredly it never entered into the reverend gentleman's mind to suppose that the possessor of a fortune stood before him. Our good friend, always a little inclined to look shabby, was now in addition dusty and travel-stained, the heat, excitement, and hurry had in no ways improved him, and he had not Martha near to set out his proper linen.

In the rector's sight here was a man old and needy, and it was in a softened voice he next spoke to him.

"And so, my friend, you bear the name of Silverpenny; well, I am glad to see you, for I thought there were only two left of that name."

"And I," said Mr. Silverpenny, "feared there was but one."

"No, no," and the rector laughed cheerily; "not so badly off as that yet, each Silverpenny has two to help him—ah, isn't it so?" and he wondered into what straits the old man's necessities had reduced him.

"You speak there, sir, with authority," said Mr. Silverpenny, and then to enlighten him further, he added, "I have been to New Street, and seen the baker, who told me his story."

"Oh, ah—I see—yes—but don't rely too much on that fellow, he has too long a tongue and too good a memory, I tell him. A mere nothing the help he got from me. He owes everything to his own industry—he's a fine specimen—a very fine specimen—a credit to the name of Silverpenny."

"May I ask if you came from Blankshire?" said Mr. Silverpenny anxiously. "It is my county. I was born at Wishton there."

"No, my friend, no. We are Essex people all so far as I can tell. I was born the other side of Colchester here, the only son of my mother, and she a widow, and I myself," and he stifled a rising sigh, "am in a very similar condition, my poor wife is recently dead, and I am left with one ewe lamb, an only son."

"Master Charlie?"

"Ah, that fellow the baker spoke of him to you, did he?—the rascal, he stuffs him with cakes and sweets of all kinds, sends him a hamper to school, spoils him, you know; but he's a good boy, is Charlie, and I trust will grow up to be a good man. I pray that he may prove worthy of our name of Silverpenny, and you, my friend, must ask it for him too. The

world is full of pitfalls. Youth needs a steady helmsman."

"You must give me his proper name," said Mr. Silverpenny.

"I will, I'll write it down for you to assist your memory. Anthony Charles Silverpenny, aged thirteen, born the 1st of May. There now, you won't forget him," and he handed over the slip of paper, adding, "You have not told me yet how I can serve you."

"You're very good, but my object in coming was merely to satisfy the curiosity I had to see another man who bore the name of Silverpenny."

"In that case you must stay and see my son; he is home for a holiday—not in now, but he will be presently."

And the rector proffered an invitation that Mr. Silverpenny should remain and accept from him some hospitality, but this his visitor declined—he had to get back to the station, and he did not wish to miss the next train; so after a little more conversation as to the town he was born in, the occupations he followed—questions answered with great reticence—the two parted, the rector at his gate watching Mr. Silverpenny out of sight.

Lost in thought, some half-way on, the old man found he had missed his turning, and standing a little perplexed as to what he should do, over the hedge a boy sprung up, who Mr. Silverpenny felt at once must be Charlie.

"I have come out of my way," he began; "could you put me in the right track for Colchester, young gentleman?"

"Yes; I've just come from there."

"Oh, what, that way, over the fields, can I go?"

"And by it you'll save a quarter of an hour. I ain't in much hurry, I'll go that far with you, because if you took the wrong turn then you'd go a mile out of your way."

"I suppose you know this place well?" said Mr. Silverpenny.

"Rather, my father's rector of Gapthorn—Mr. Silverpenny."

"Silverpenny!"

"Yes, a very uncommon name ours is; some of our fellows laugh at me for it; but I think it's a capital name, don't you?"

"Yes, I think it is."

Mr. Silverpenny said this so slowly that Master Charlie was induced to look at him more observantly. "You're tired, ain't you?" he said. "Have you walked far?"

"Pretty well for an old man like me; I'm not so young, you see, as you are."

"No," said Charlie, and then he added rather irrelevantly, as Mr. Silverpenny thought, "I've been to Colchester, and had some toffy and black-jack. I wish I hadn't now."

Mr. Silverpenny smiled. "I don't know about toffy and black-jack, but I fancy if I had a little more inside me I should manage to step out a little more nimbly."

"You're close by now. You've only to turn down this lane—look, there's the station, you see," and coming to a standstill, Charley eyed Mr. Silverpenny furtively, blushed furiously red, and catching hold of his hand, which he shook awkwardly, he ran as fast as he could away. Feeling something in his palm, Mr. Silverpenny looked down. Into it the boy had pressed a penny. His regret at having eaten the toffy at Colchester was because he had spent all but that of his money.

On the following day Mr. Silverpenny started on his return home; he reached his house in safety, and was welcomed back by Martha, who, sagacious woman as she was, made neither comment, nor asked a question respecting the business of his journey.

That it had not been made without some result she guessed from the arrival of Mr. Stock, the lawyer, with whom Mr. Silverpenny was closeted for several days after at various times.

Clearing the table one evening as usual, her master detained her. "Martha," he said, pouring out a glass of wine, "drink that to the health of Anthony Charles Silverpenny."

"Ah!" she held up her finger to him, "what did I say?"

"Why, what isn't true," he answered quickly—"that I should find in London scores of Silverpennys; whereas, search from end to end, there is only one."

"No matter," continued Martha stoutly; "for all you wants one's so good as twenty, and it's he, is it, whose health I'm to drink to?"

"No," answered her master stolidly, "it is not he."

Martha pushed the glass, which she had taken, away from her, "Awh!" and she crossed her arms resignedly.

Mr. Silverpenny enjoyed the momentary satisfaction of her defeat, and then in a more friendly tone he said, "Never be over-hasty in jumping at conclusions, Martha, it is a woman's failing. Wait, and you shall hear the whole story." And thereupon he related his interview with

the baker—his visit to the rector, and how he had fallen in with Charlie.

Martha listened attentively. "And 'tis he you've left your money to?" she said inquiringly. "Well! to think of his giving you a penny—have 'e got un, master? Let me have a look at un, do."

Slowly the penny was drawn from out of Mr. Silverpenny's pocket, he unfolded it from the paper he had wrapped it in, and solemnly handed it to Martha, who held it in her hand, turning it over and over again.

"Take it, master," she said, handing it back to him, "and keep it so long as ever you live—I should if I was you."

Mr. Silverpenny smiled as if he had already arrived at that decision.

"And I'm very took with that baker too," continued Martha reflectively; "*he* makes good bread, I'll warrant un too." Mr. Silverpenny did not dispel Martha's illusion by telling her that, judging by the roll he had eaten, he should pronounce the baker's bread to be heavy.

"I have not forgotten him," he said, "and I have not forgotten you, Martha."

"Oh, I ain't afraid," she said shortly; "I don't ask what you've done, or what you haven't; all I wants to know is, that the matter's settled so that your mind's at rest and you feel easy."

"Yes, quite, so far as others go."

"Well, and don't that satisfy you?"

For a moment Mr. Silverpenny did not reply. "I expect, he said reflectively, "that most of us if we had our time to go over again would act differently."

"Why, what now?" said Martha sharply.

"Nothing, Martha, nothing—only I can't remember that I ever held out a helping hand to anybody—gave away anything—did any good with my money."

"And suppose not," said Martha irately, "you ha'n't a done no evil, and if that's all you've got to lament over, you may lie down in your bed easy, and it's my opinion that you wouldn't be doing wrong in going there," and she surveyed him critically; "jaunting about and your time o' life don't overwell agree together, master."

"I think I'll take your advice," said Mr. Silverpenny, rising slowly; "and Martha, we'll turn over a new leaf, and you and I we'll try between us to do somebody a little good before we die."

"Oh, there's time enough yet to talk about dying," said Martha gruffly. "You ain't bound to do that the very minute you've made your will and settled your money."

Mr. Silverpenny smiled cheerily. She had brought him over the candle, which, lighting, he took from her. "Now," he said, "drink up your wine. Charles Anthony Silverpenny, health, wealth, and prosperity."

The next morning Mr. Silverpenny was long in coming down, and Martha, thinking it time to awaken him, tip-toed softly into his room. "Master," she called, but he did not answer — "Master," she repeated louder, drawing aside the curtain, "how sound you be sleeping," and then she bent down in terror — it was the sleep from which there is no awaking. Tranquil and calm, Mr. Silverpenny lay dead.

From The Saturday Review.
THE CORPS FUCHS.

DURING the spring and autumn vacations a German university town is almost deserted by the students who have gone home to economize, or somewhere else to amuse themselves. Quiet citizens then congregate in the beer-rooms from which they are banished at other seasons, and discuss the prosaic details of their business, where nothing less heroic than a duel could be mentioned a few weeks before; their sons pay assiduous and no longer unacceptable court to the servant girls who are out at dusk, and even venture to fill the night with their most sweet but rather unsteady voices, in a way that would bring summary vengeance upon them at any other time, while the watchman goes his rounds without any dread of a thrashing or hope of an invitation to a late supper. He walks boldly over the open places, blows his horn freely, and almost forgets the dark and cozy corners in which he has so often sought security. He is a town official, and has no right whatever over the students, except the somewhat illusory one of being permitted to ask to inspect their papers — a request which they are sure to refuse, and he is wise enough rarely to make; and so, if a party of the wilder Burschen happen to meet him on their way home from a drinking-bout, they consider it almost a point of honor either to break his horn over his back or to make him drunk and incapable. Which course they adopt depends very much on the humor of the moment and conduct of the prisoner, and the man who can most successfully avoid the one process and simulate the other is the model

watchman. Now and then, when the young men have been having an unusually good time, and the inns are closed, one of them will propose to hunt Dogberry. Then the whole town is drawn, and as the official dare not leave the streets, he is pretty certain to be caught, when strange things happen. The representative of public order may be found bound securely to a convenient tree, with the signboard of a neighboring inn, representing an ox, a bear, or a monkey, suspended above his head, while his horn is heard shrieking wildly and incoherently in secluded places during the rest of the night, or he himself may be seen tootooing fiercely, but at the same time as noiselessly as possible, through the streets whose quiet he is employed to guard, at the head of a band of students, who are "rousing the night owl in a catch that would draw three souls out of one weaver." In any case, however, he is pretty certain to have assured his tormenters that he is quite unacquainted with their names or addresses before they bid him good-bye, and it will be unlucky for him if his memory happens to be quicker on the morrow. At least, such things were in days that have not long gone by; but since 1870 great changes have been wrought for the better in the manners of students as well as in more important matters in Germany. Still, even of old, the watchman was secure during the long vacations. He then not only enjoyed the whole dignity of his office unmolested, but he knew at least two places where he could always be sure of a supper, and as much beer as he cared to drink before his duties began. *Was liebt sich, neckt sich*, says the German proverb. The student and the watchman loved each other, though the teasing was rough and mostly on one side, and even in the vacations two sets of students were kept at their post by a strict sense of duty, though not by any love of their studies. They were the representatives of the Corps and the Burschenschaften.

It would be interesting to trace the history of these student societies back to the period of the Thirty Years' War, or even the Middle Ages, but our space would not admit of this, and, for practical purposes, it is sufficient to remember that the Corps devote their undivided energies to fencing and beer-drinking, while the Burschenschaften vary these more serious studies by a good deal of political discussion. They both sprang from the old Landsmannschaften, but the establishment of the Burschenschaft in 1815 was an en-

deavor to reform these, while the Corps have retained as much as possible of their old character, and consequently the enmity between the members of the two bodies is great.

In almost every university there are several Corps, whose members are always ready to fight each other, not only on the slightest provocation, but for the mere fun of the thing; that is, in term-time; as soon as the vacation commences, all enmity is laid aside. Each of the separate bodies selects some of its members whose duty it is to remain in town, and these at once fraternize. If you ask them why they stay in so dull a place, they will tell you they are there to catch foxes.

The German schoolboy is subjected to a number of restraints which an English youth of his age would consider intolerable; as soon as he enters the university he is permitted a license such as no one else enjoys. In all minor matters he is subject to academical and not to public law, and however strict the letter of the code may seem, the spirit in which it is expounded is one of perfect lenity. A breach of the peace which would bring fine or imprisonment upon others is in his case often punished only by a gentle rebuke in choice Latin, which is apt to become humorous if there be anything in the offence to justify a smile. And public opinion is as merciful as the law. Almost any excess is thought natural, and any wild freak pardonable in a student. Unless he be guilty of meanness, or some act of extreme brutality, he may be sure that his comrades will support him, and that the outside world will not judge him harshly. He is not even expected to pay his debts, at least for the present, and what does he care for the future? It is not, therefore, strange that, as soon as his last examinations are passed, the schoolboy should be eager to enter his new paradise, and should hurry to the university at the most unexpected times.

He is the fox for whom the representatives of the Corps are lying in wait, and as soon as he appears on their hunting-ground, they are sure to be informed of it by some faithful scout. The devices they employ to entrap their prey are many and ingenious, but they resemble too closely the wiles of our old friend the recruiting sergeant to be worth narrating. The youth finds the veterans, whose prowess is attested by many a half-healed scar, the best of company. They show him the drinking-horns that are used at their banquets, and allow him to have a peep at

their duellings-words every now and then. They are tolerant of his tipsy rudeness and his morning peevishness, and delight his leisure with wild tales of riot, for much of the spirit of Falstaff and his followers still survives in the German Corps.

It might be thought that the representatives of the different societies would be inclined to dispute as to the possession of the prize they have taken so much trouble to win; but this is rarely the case. No student is allowed to enter any of the Corps who cannot show that he is in possession of what, for the university in which he is entered, is a liberal allowance; and the money qualification differs in the different bodies. In some it is very high; and, as many of these also exclude all but nobles, the society that is to be found in them is select, and much that is both true and characteristic of other Corps does not apply to them. Guided, therefore, partly by the length of his purse, and partly by other considerations, the delegates have but little difficulty in assigning their willing captive to the body for which he is best suited, and persuading him that he made the choice himself. They are all rewarded by a consciousness of their own virtue. They feel that a good deed has been done, and a soul saved from the Burschenschaft. The term begins with a Commers, in which all the Corps take part. A table is prepared for each in a brilliantly lighted and decorated room, and ample quantities of drink are provided. When the fox takes his place, in his cap of green and gold, or whatever other brilliant hues are the chosen colors of the society he is about to enter, his heart swells within him; but his enthusiasm rises to almost a devotional point when the band strikes up the "Landesvater," when his new cap, after having been spitted on a sword, is replaced on his head, the weapon laid upon it, and the great drinking-horn given into his hands. The way in which this and several other student songs are sung is often really impressive, and to the novice the ceremony seems full of significance. He is really making his vows to be true to the brotherhood. But from that night a change comes over the spirit of his dream. The seniors who were lately so affable become supercilious and order him about instead of consulting his wishes. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, indeed, the position of a fox was most miserable. The older members of the Landsmannschaften had absolute power over him, and he might think himself fortunate if

they were content with merely treating him as a menial without having recourse to cruel indignities or even torture. These excesses are said to have been introduced into university life by the wandering scholars, and edict after edict was in vain promulgated against them. Now, of course, the memory of such things is only preserved in single phrases and ceremonies which have become purely formal and are dying out. The authority of the seniors is generally exercised only in a jocose way, but in spite of this it is real enough. If a novice is noisy or troublesome of an evening when the Corps have met to drink quietly together, especially when guests are present, one of the Burschen will simply say, "Fox, spin two, four, or six," as the case may be. The youth must provide himself with the given number of glasses of beer within the space of five minutes, his taskmaster inspects them to see that they are properly filled, and the spinner has then to drink them out one after another, each at a single draught, which generally quiets him at least for the time. If an astonished Englishman who is enjoying the hospitality of the Corps inquires as to the purpose of so strange a custom, he will be told that it is necessary to preserve order. And there is some truth in this. It is a standing rule among German students that a toast demands a reply; that is that, if anybody drinks a half or a whole glass to your health, you are bound to consume at least an equal quantity of liquor in compliment to him before a given time has passed. This would render it possible for the novices to turn every social meeting into a drunken orgie, if no restraint were placed upon them. They have only to unite to "explode" the president and one or two of the more serious members to attain their end. An explosion is managed thus. By pre-arrangement a number of persons each drink a glass to a single person at almost the same time, and he is then compelled to empty, it may be, ten or twelve glasses in the course of fifteen minutes. This is one of the devices of which the foxes are particularly fond, each succeeding generation of them discovers it anew, and spinning is considered the only remedy. If the inquisitive foreigner asks whether it would not be better to modify the rule than to resort to so drastic a means of blunting its edge, some Bursch will in all probability reply with the greatest seriousness that everybody is sometimes brought into a situation where it is natural or even necessary

as a matter of politeness for him to become intoxicated, and that it is therefore well to teach the young to carry their liquor soberly, an art that can only be acquired by practice. The older German students, however, are as a rule far less intemperate than is generally supposed, except when they drink out of bravado, as in a Commers which unites all the Corps. Then the hard drinkers challenge each other, and incredible quantities of beer vanish. The whole assembly is interested in the struggle, and bets are made on the event. Every voice is hushed when from one table come the words, "Mr. So-and-so, I drink my twenty-third glass to you in advance," or from the other, "Mr. So-and-so, I drink my twenty-first glass in reply." To such heights as these, of course, no fox can hope to attain; but he, too, fights out his little beer tournaments, in which speed and quantity are the two elements chiefly considered. Might not the commentators of Rabelais learn something from the life of the German Corps?

We have said that it is fading away. Much that we have dwelt upon may perhaps already have become obsolete. It was by no means a noble, a refined, or a proper, but it was a jovial, way of passing the time. Some of its excesses are explained, and in part excused, by the strictness of school life in Germany. The young colts had so long been imprisoned in narrow stables that they were inclined to kick up their heels when the door was thrown open. And the young man who joined a Corps did gain some advantages, though they were hardly adequate to the time and money they cost. If there was anything in him, he learned to be faithful to his friends, to face his enemies boldly, to behave decently to his equals, to be fair and open, and to respect his honor more than any earthly good. Watchman-hunting and spinning may seem rather a roundabout path to such an end; but it is something if it be attained at all.

From Nature.

WINTER LIFE AT SPITZBERGEN.

THE following is an extract of a report by one of the *personnel* of the Swedish Meteorological Expedition of the wintering at Spitzbergen:—

One of the deepest fjords of Spitzbergen is the Ice Fjord on the west coast. On a map of the islands it will be seen,

some fifteen miles from the mouth, to split into two smaller ones. The promontory which divides the two is Cape Thordsten. It is formed of slate rocks some two thousand feet in height, from which in some places precipices descend perpendicularly into the sea, and in others valleys slope down into the plain. The latter is furrowed by streamlets and deep ravines, while the rocks around are the breeding-places of every sea-bird of the Arctic fauna, as, for instance, the seagull, the auk, the roddge, and the *Uria grylle*. In the plain reindeers graze, and on the mountains ptarmigans and snow-sparrows breed. The plain is covered with grass, rather strongly interspersed with moss, but here are to be found many plants and flowers, such as *Polomonium pulchellum*, *Dryas octopetala*, the white and red saxifrage, the Spitzbergen poppy, and the common buttercup.

In the plain close to the mountain the huts are situated which now bear the name of "Smith's Observatory," from the munificent equipper of the expedition. The buildings were erected here some ten years ago by the Ice Fjord Company, which was formed for the utilization for guano of the coprolite deposits found in the adjacent mountains.

On July 21, 1882, the vessels of the expedition arrived here, but it was at that period doubtful whether we should establish our station here, as the mountains around contain a large quantity of hyperite, a mineral which it was feared would affect the magnetical instruments. We found on landing a line of metals up the hill, with a gradient of 45°, a winch being fixed at the other end for its working. Here was also, still intact, the little dwelling-house on four poles, alongside which we found the material required for the building of a new house as stated in works on Spitzbergen. Near to the house is a cross raised with the following inscription: *Her hviler Støvet af 15 Mænd, som døde her i Foraaret 1873. Fred med deres Støv.* This is the epitaph to the Norwegian fishermen who sadly perished here ten years ago.

We found by experiments that the mineral in question did not affect the magnetic instruments, and decided therefore to establish the station here. We had a hard time to get everything in readiness, as, for instance, the building of the magnetic hut and the thermometer cage, by August 15, when the observations were to begin, but on August 22 we had so far advanced that both magnetical and meteor-

ological observations could be prosecuted simultaneously.

The view from the observatory was grand. Heavy clouds generally cover the sky, driven hither and thither by strong gales; below the sea roars, with ice-floes floating on its crest, while thousands of sea-birds wheel in the air. Suddenly the clouds part, and the sun comes forth, the snow-white peaks flash in the rays, the stony ridges become purple, and down below the dark gloomy sea assumes the color of the sapphire.

On August 23 the sun set for the first time, and on October 23 it did not appear. Already, on August 31, the ground became covered with snow, but early in September, and towards the middle of October, it again thawed, and it was not until October 21 that the snow remained. The birds now began to leave, and the *Tringa maritima* were last seen on August 20. The brent geese soon departed in flocks, and flew cackling southwards out of the fjord. The last was seen on September 13. On October 14 we saw an eider, and some specimens of *Procellaria glacialis*, and on October 21 a snow-sparrow appeared at the station. From that date none of the migratory fauna was seen until the spring. Quite alone, however, we were not, as the mountain foxes soon appeared, and were not the least shy. Ptarmigans were plentiful, too, in the ravines, where they feasted on *Polygonum* seed. On October 26 we shot the first two reindeer at Sauriehook, but it was not until the spring that they came in any numbers.

Our work progressed too. We had first of all to fix the anemometer and the weathervane on the mountain above the station, or eight hundred feet above the sea, and to connect it with the observatory by a telegraph wire, as the readings were to be made by electricity. Then there was a workroom to be constructed, and the astronomical observatory for the passage instruments to be erected. On October 3 the wire to the anemometer was ready, and the hut carried up to the top of the mountain, where it was fixed. On October 25 the astronomical observatory was finished. It was now so dark that no work could be done outdoors, and on October 23 it was necessary to light up at 3 P.M., on October 28 at 2 P.M., and on November 2 light was necessary throughout the day. The polar night had set in.

From October 23 until February 18 the sun remained below the horizon; thus for a period of one hundred and eighteen days

and nights. At first it was not quite dark at noon, but from November 11 it was a night throughout. On November 12 a thin layer of ice appeared on the Ice Fjord, which gradually increased in thickness, but it was afterwards broken up and again formed several times during the dark winter. It was only when the light came back that the ice formed in a bridge across the fjord.

Now the island was in darkness and perfectly deserted. The terrible winter storms had commenced, and it was 16° C. below freezing-point. And the snow! Snow on the mountains, snow on the plain, snow on the huts, snow covers the little windows, snow comes in through the chimney, and even the thermometer cage cannot exclude the tiny, pointed crystals which penetrate even a keyhole. In such an hour it was a delightful sensation to seek the hearth in the library!

Again I stand by the shore. The clouds have cleared away; only one enormous mass, which we never saw lifting, lies over the mountains across the fjord. The sky is clear, the ocean roars below, there is no ice; the moon is about to pass her meridian.

Slowly one long tidal wave after another comes rolling towards the shore; they gather into one tremendous wave, which, striking the lofty rocks, sends its spray a couple of hundred feet into the air. Then it recedes with a deep sigh, leaving two or three magnificent ocean algæ, each a yard long, on the shore.

When the moon is absent, it is, however, pitch dark, provided there is no aurora borealis. The aurora borealis was observed throughout the winter, when it was clear, and in every form and position.

Now a faint arc appears far down on the south horizon. Below it is a dark segment. Slowly it travels towards the zenith, increasing in intensity. It is perfectly symmetrical, and both its points almost touch the horizon, and strike east and west as the arc moves upwards. No streamers can be made out in it, and the whole forms one continuous layer of light of a strange transparent yellow color. The arc is broad; its size is three times that of the rainbow, and its edge, which is far more defined than that of the rainbow, forms a strong contrast to the dark sky of the Arctic heavens. Higher and higher the arc travels; in the whole display there is a solemn rest, and only here and there a wave of light suddenly leaps upwards. Above the snowy fields yonder it begins

again to get clearer. Still it is far from the zenith, and already another arc separates itself from the segment in the south, and by degrees others follow. All of them now travel towards the zenith, traverse the point and descend on the northern horizon, while some rapidly recede to where they originated. Seldom, however, does the aurora appear in this regular and defined form.

In the corner of the horizon lies a light cloud-mass. Its upper rim is illuminated, and from this a luminous band is quickly developed, which spreads east and west, increases in intensity, and travels towards the zenith. The color is the same as that of the arc, but the intensity is greater. In a constantly changing play the band slowly alters, but remains continuous in form and plane. Now it is interlaced into several plaits and folds, but throughout there is an undulatory motion which throws waves of light through the band in its entire stretch from right to left, or *vice versa*. Again it unfolds itself and forms into draperies and festoons, which are lost in the depths of the horizon.

On another occasion the band assumes quite a different form. It then consists not only of luminous matter, but also of solitary streamers ranged in a parallel plane, all pointing to the magnetic pole. In each of the streamers the intensity is, through the light-waves which follow in rapid succession, greatly increased, which gives the streamers the appearance of being in a constant leaping motion, while the two edges, green and red in color, move wave-like up and down, according to the play of the coursing waves of light. Often the streamers prolong themselves throughout the entire band; they stretch even as far as the magnetic pole, and then remain at rest. They are sharply defined, but fainter in light than the band itself, and do not lie close together. They are yellow in color, and appear like millions of fine threads of gold thrown across the firmament. Again a thin veil of light creeps over the starry heavens, and the golden threads of which it is woven stand clearly out from the background, while its lower *garment* is formed of a broad, intense, yellow-white border with a thousand filaments in a slow but constant motion.

Again it appears in a third form. Throughout the day bands of every form and grade of intensity have been drifting over the sky. It is eight o'clock in the evening, the hour when the aurora borealis reaches its greatest intensity. At the

present moment only a few groups of streamers stand in the firmament, while down in the south, just above the horizon, lies a faint band which is hardly noticed. But suddenly it begins to move upwards with great rapidity, spreads its folds out east and west, the light-waves begin to leap in it, and long, solitary pillars shoot towards the zenith. At this moment there comes life into the sky. From every quarter of the firmament streamers come rushing with the speed of lightning towards the zenith. The little, fiery tongues whirl round, or sway to and fro, appearing as though they were Cupids in golden mantles with borders of purple. They dart and leap in vain to reach the zenith; they begin to move wave-like, slower and slower; they seem to get tired, still they whirl on towards the north, when suddenly they lose in intensity, and, in a fraction of a second, vanish!

It is again dark and cold; a thin veil of light again begins to form over the star-covered sky. This is as the aurora appears in its grandest form, and any description of it would fail to give even an idea approaching its real majesty and even grandeur.

In addition to the meteorological and magnetic observations, those of the aurora borealis were also made during the polar night by means of the well-known theodolite, and from October the electricity of the air was also examined. On the two agreed dates, the 1st and 15th of every month, the magnets and the aurora were examined and registered every fifth minute, and during one hour, every twentieth second. Besides these observations, meteors and shooting stars were watched and carefully noted, attempts made to measure the quantity of the snow, measurements of the aurora borealis effected, along with astronomical determinations of hour and place, absolute magnetic measurements, simultaneous observations every twentieth second of the magnets, the aurora, and the electrometer, and researches on the moisture of the air, and the nightly radiation, while the temperature of the snow was examined at various depths.

Already in October the remarkable depressing influence which darkness exercises on the human mind, with which every one who has wintered in the Arctic regions is familiar, began to be manifest. In that month it was, however, felt only slightly, but with November it rapidly increased, and at the end of December it had reached "the first stage of insanity."

This influence caused a remarkable dislike to conversation, accompanied by great lassitude. When lying down, phantoms of the scurvy crept over one's mind, and the thought uppermost was that here, next to us, the bodies of fifteen brave men were found in a horrible condition ten years ago. The best cure for this was, we found, an exhausting walk, a good dinner, and a few glasses of lime-juice accompanied with the cheering thought that our expedition formed one of the moments in the great work of the human race.

The moonlight during midwinter was very remarkable, and imparted in the day a transparency to the air which we had never seen before. The greatest mountains did not oppress the eye, but seemed to assume a lightness which made them appear as if they were floating on the dark background.

On February 19 the sun was to reappear, but already on January 23 it was so light that we could read fine print out of doors, and on February 8 we could, at 11 A. M., read the thermometers in the cage without a lantern. On February 19 the sun came at last. During these days the scenery was magnificent. On the light sky clouds of every shape floated, colored in the loveliest tints by the sun's rays, while over the whole was cast a hue of purple and gold.

In the beginning after the sun's return, auroræ were still seen in the night, but on March 25 we saw the last of this phenomenon. Eventually on April 19 the sun became circumpolar, and from that date we had perfect daylight.

We often noticed during the spring a thick, cold haze lying over the landscape, in which mock suns and some other optical phenomena were frequently seen, caused by the reflection of the sun's rays in the ice-crystals.

The fjord was in the light period entirely covered with ice, and, as the sun reappeared, even the open leads which could be seen between the ice-floes became covered with thin ice. Only far out on the horizon above the fjord a "water cloud," bespeaking open water, could be seen, and the increase or decrease of this we watched with great interest.

The migratory birds now began to arrive, and the *Procellaria glacialis* was already seen on February 7. On April 13 the first snow-sparrow came, soon after followed by the auks, the roddes, and the seagulls. The ptarmigans, which had lived in flocks during the winter, now be-

gan to separate, and preferred the mountains to the plains.

The observations were steadily continued, and the particular object of the researches of the meteorologist at this period was the radiation from the snow's surface. We thus believe we have discovered that the thermometers in the cage did not give the true temperature of the air, which was to be tested by means of a "swing" thermometer, *i.e.*, a thermometer fastened to a cord, and then swung rapidly round, as such a thermometer will give the air's exact temperature as near as possible. Under these observations, which were made every hour, it, however, often happened that the cord broke, and the instrument suffered injury. In order to avoid this a mechanism was constructed, driven by hand, which kept the thermometer in a constant rotary motion, and from May 4 until the end of the month, when the thaw set in, this thermometer was read every hour. Another subject also investigated, from February 15, was the temperature of the snow on the surface and at three different depths.

During the light period three hydrographic-magnetic excursions of research were made on the ice in the Ice Fjord, *viz.*, on April 19, April 24, and May 24. The longest of these, the one on May 24, extended six miles from the shore, and it was very difficult work to drag the sleigh over the rough ice. The results of the same were several absolute magnetic measurements, observations of the temperature of the sea at various depths, and testings of the saltiness of the water. The greatest depth found was two hundred and fifty metres.

At the same time, while the snow still remained on the ground, several topographical works were effected. A base some six hundred metres long was measured between the universal instrument and a pole south of the same, while two signal posts were erected on two crests south-west and north-east of the station, and three miles apart. Afterwards the greater base was determined by means of triangular measurements from the smaller, in order to serve as a basis for further work. In addition to this there was built, on the sun's return, an astronomical observatory for the universal instrument, which was finished on February 14, and finally a magnetic hut was built for the Vrede's variation instrument, finished on May 19.

There was, during the dark period, one question which was much discussed, and

which we were anxious to test, *viz.*, whether the polar night has the effect of turning the complexion white. On January 23, therefore, when it was light enough to see out of doors, we assembled in the open to examine our faces, and the consensus of opinion was that the darkness had not affected the skin in the least.

In the end of May the thaw set in earnest, and soon mosses and shrubs came forth. In the beginning of June the fjord was still covered with ice, but by the 11th it commenced to open towards the sea, and by the 21st it began to break up and drift. On July 4 the fjord was free from ice.

The fauna now began to appear: thus already on June 2 the red blossoms of *Saxifraga oppositifolia* came out from the snow; on June 11 *Salix polaris* was in bloom, as well as *Draba wahlenbergii*, and soon the plains were covered with flowers.

At that time some exceedingly interesting experiments in horticulture were commenced. A small garden was first formed by breaking up the layer of turf on the surface, to enable the sun to thaw the frozen earth underneath, and in this manner sufficient mould was obtained to lay out proper beds. In these were then planted seeds, among others radishes brought from Sweden, while several species of the Spitzbergen fauna were planted here. Both flourished remarkably, as did also the rye and oats which we planted here. The latter grew well, although slowly, and were, at the end of July, six to eight centimetres long. Their growth was measured every fifth day, while studies of the sun's chemical influence on the same were simultaneously prosecuted.

The migratory birds continued to arrive: thus on June 2 the brent geese put in their appearance, and in great flocks took possession of the innumerable lagoons. They were, however, very shy, and comparatively few were shot. Of wild reindeer several were shot, and one polar bear was seen, but escaped.

At last on June 26, at 4 P. M., the first reminder of the outside world appeared in the shape of a fishing-smack, but, although every effort was made to attract attention, she passed northwards. On July 8 an expedition was despatched to Cape Staratschin, the "general post-office" of Spitzbergen, which brought back news, letters, and the literature of the civilized world for a whole twelvemonth, the period of our isolation.

Shortly afterwards we had several calls

of Norwegian hunters, among whom may be mentioned the well-known Capt. Kjeldsen, of the "Isbjörnen," who participated in the Payer-Weyprecht expedition of 1872, and in the Austrian to Jan-Mayen, 1882-83. He made the remarkable report that he had found the sea at the Norse Islands early in July this summer entirely free from ice, not even seeing the iceblink," i.e., the light reflected from new ice formed out of sight. This was in the exact spot where the Swedish expedition was compelled to return on account of enormous pack-ice, at the same period in 1882. He was of the opinion that a steamer would have been able to penetrate very far north of the Seven Islands this summer.

In the middle of August the relief boat "Urd" arrived, and, after having cleared the houses, and nailed up the windows and doors, we went on board, and steamed out of the Ice Fjord on August 25, having for a period of exactly four hundred days contributed our quota to International Polar research.

From Chambers' Journal.

HOUSES WITH SECRET CHAMBERS.

IN Clarke's "History of Ipswich" (1830) there is an interesting account of Sparrow's House, built in the year 1567, in which the following facts are stated: "There is an apartment in the roof of the back part of the house, the entrance to which was ingeniously hidden by a sliding panel. It has only one small window, and that cannot be seen from any other part of the premises. It had been fitted up as a private chapel or oratory; and there is a tradition that Charles II. was secreted in this room some time after the battle of Worcester." At Melford Hall, too, in Suffolk, there is a curious hiding-place in the thickness of the walls and chimney, approached only through a trap panel. Referring, however, to the concealment of Charles II., we must not omit to mention Boscobel House, which afforded him such a safe retreat. This old building has two actual hiding-places, and there are indications which point to the former existence of a third. The secret place, we are told by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, in which the king was hidden is situated in the squire's bedroom. There was formerly a sliding panel in the wainscot, near the fireplace, which, when opened, gave access to a closet, the false door of which

still admits of a person taking up his position in this secret nook. In days gone by it had a communication with the garden; but this is now blocked up. The wainscoting, too, which concealed the movable panel in the bedroom was originally covered with tapestry, with which the room was hung. The other chamber is at the top of the house in a kind of loft, access to which is through a trap-door, wherein, tradition says, recusants and priests were occasionally secreted. Again, an important instance of these secret chambers is that existing at Ingatestone Hall, in Essex, which, it may be remembered, was in years gone by a summer residence belonging to the abbey of Barking. It came with the estate into possession of the family of Petre in the reign of Henry VIII., and continued to be occupied as their family seat until the latter half of the last century. The hiding-place, which is fourteen feet long, two feet broad, and ten feet high, was discovered in the south-east corner of a small room attached to what was probably the host's bedroom. Underneath the floor-boards a hole or trap-door about two feet square was found, with a twelve-step ladder to descend into the room below, the floor of which was composed of nine inches of dry sand. This, on being examined, brought to light a few bones, which, it has been suggested, are the remains of food supplied to some unfortunate occupant during confinement. The existence of this retreat, it is said, must have been familiar to the heads of the family for several generations; evidence of this circumstance being afforded by a packing-case which was found in the secret chamber, and upon which was the following direction: "For the Right Honorable the Lady Petre, at Ingatestone Hall, in Essex." The wood, also, was in a decayed state, and the writing in an antiquated style, which is only what might be expected, considering that the Petre family left Ingatestone Hall between the years 1770 and 1780. Then there is Hendlip House, situated about four miles from Worcester, which was long famous for the ingenuity with which its secret hiding-places had been contrived. It is said to have been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by John Abingdon, the queen's cofferer, a zealous partisan of Mary, Queen of Scots. It is believed, says a writer in "The Beauties of England," that the person who designed the arrangements of this mansion was Thomas Abingdon, the son of the builder. Hence the result of his labors was that there was

scarcely a room for which there was not provided a secret way of going in and out. Some, for instance, we are informed, had places of retreat in their chimneys; others had staircases concealed in the walls; and in short there was not a nook or corner that was not turned to some advantage. The house, too, as a contributor to the "Book of Days" has observed, owing to its elevated position, was highly valuable for the purposes for which it was designed, since "it afforded the means of keeping a watchful lookout for the approach of the emissaries of the law, or of persons by whom it might have been dangerous for any skulking priest to be seen, supposing his reverence to have gone forth for an hour to take the air." In an historical point of view, its memory will always be preserved, because it was here that Father Garnet was concealed for several weeks in the winter of 1605-6, but who eventually paid the penalty of his guilty knowledge of the Gunpowder Plot. Among other houses of this kind in the neighborhood of Worcester may be mentioned Harington Hall, near Chaddesley-Corbett, which dates back as far as the time of Henry VIII. One of its hiding-places, we are told by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, "can only be entered by lifting one of the wooden stairs, and is a very gloomy recess. The house is moated round; and Lady Mary Yate, who is said, as lady of the manor, to have resided here for sixty-five years, successfully defended the building against the attack of a Kidderminster mob who had come to pillage it in the time of James II." There is, too, the interesting half-timber house of Harborough Hall, midway between Hegley and Kidderminster. Milner, in his "Letters to a Prebendary," after telling us that "on two occasions the king (Charles) owed his life to the care and ingenuity of priests, who concealed him in the hiding-hole provided for their own safety," adds in a foot-note: "The above-mentioned hiding-hole is still to be seen at the present Mr. Whitegrave's house, at Moseley, near Wolverhampton; as is also the priest's hiding-hole — which concealed the king, whilst he did not sit in the oak-tree — at White Ladies, about ten miles from that town." Again, in the manor-house, Trent, near Sherborne, is a secret chamber, entered from one of the upper rooms through a sliding panel in the oak wainscoting, in which, tradition tells us, Charles II. lay concealed for a fortnight on his escape to the coast after the battle of Worcester. Cap-

tain Duthy, in his "Sketches of Hampshire," writing of the old mansion of Woodcote, says that "behind a stack of chimneys, accessible only by removing the floor-boards, was an apartment which contained a concealed closet." Treago, in the neighborhood of Monmouth, is said to be a good specimen, containing a sleeping-place and a reading-desk; the chamber being lighted by a shot-hole in the wall. These secret chambers were not uncommon in old Lancashire houses. Thus, at Widness, near Warrington, there is a picturesque Tudor mansion with one of these hiding-places. Some years ago, too, in some fields adjoining this residence were discovered various relics, and amongst them arms, coins, tobacco-pipes, etc., which it has been suggested indicate encampments of Roundhead, and probably afterwards of Dutch, soldiers. At Mains Hall, in the parish of Kirkham, a secret room was accidentally discovered by some workmen behind a stack of chimneys; and another one in an old house in Goosnargh, called Ashes, which has two small cavities in its centre wall, which is about four feet thick. Lydvate Hall, also, as well as Speke Hall, both in Lancashire, had secret chambers, a full description of which is given by Mr. Gibson in his interesting little volume entitled "Lydvate Hall and its Associations." To these we may also add Borwick Hall, and Stonyhurst, the seat of the Sherbournes. Amongst the houses of this class in Lincolnshire may be noticed Upton Hall, where there is a secret chamber most cleverly contrived. It is about eight feet long, five feet broad, and just high enough to allow a person to stand upright. The opening was accidentally ascertained by removing a beam behind a single step between two servants' bedrooms. Lipscomb, in his "History of Buckinghamshire," refers to Dinton Hall, near Aylesbury, the seat of Judge Mayne, one of the regicides, to whom it is reported to have given shelter at the time of the Restoration. The secret room was built at the top of the house, under the beams of the roof, and was reached by a narrow passage lined with cloth. Upton Hall, near Reading, and Minster-Lovell, Oxfordshire, have both obtained a notoriety as being possessed of these curious secret contrivances, having in consequence at different times attracted considerable notice. Referring to instances in the north of England, may be noticed Netherhall, near Maryport, Cumberland, the seat of the old family of Senhouse. In this mansion

there is reported to be a veritable secret chamber, its exact position in the house being known but to two persons—the heir-at-law and the family solicitor. It is affirmed that never has the secret of this hidden room been revealed to more than two living persons at a time. It has no window, and has hitherto defied the ingenuity of every visitor staying in the house, in spite of all endeavors made to discover it. This Netherhall tradition is very similar to the celebrated one connected with Glamis, only in the latter case the secret chamber possesses a window, which, nevertheless, has not led to the identification of Northumberland,” has given a full account of a secret room at Nether-Witton in Northumberland, formerly the seat of of the room. Hodgson, in his “History the Thorntons, and now of their lineal descendant, Roger Thornton Trevelyan. The two secret chambers of Danby Hall in Wensleydale, Yorkshire, deserve notice. One of these was discovered between the hall fireplace and the west wall of the house, and when entered, was found to contain arms and saddlery for a troop of forty or fifty horse. It is generally supposed that these weapons had been hidden away in readiness for the Jacobite rising of 1715 or 1745. The other chamber was situated in the upper story of the old tower, access to which was gained by a narrow staircase in the thickness of the wall; having, it is commonly thought, been used as a chapel. There are, too, the Abbey House, Whitby, the seaside residence of Sir Charles Strickland, and Kirkby-Knowle Castle, near Thirsk. Another remarkable instance, also, is Oxburgh Hall, in the county of Norfolk, which no doubt in days of old was extensively used as a place of concealment. Evelyn, in his “Diary,” under August 23, 1678, speaks of Ham House at Weybridge, in Surrey, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, as having some of these secret hiding-places, and says: “My lord, leading me about the house, made no scruple of showing me all the hiding-places for popish priests, and where they said mass: for he was no bigoted papist.” Again Paxhill, near Lindfield, in Sussex, is worthy of notice. It is reported to have been built by Dr. Andrew Borde, physician and jester to Henry VIII., and the original “Merry Andrew.” In the ceiling of the ground-floor, we are told, is a large chamber, surrounded by a stone bench, which is entered by a trap-door in the floor above; and behind the shutters of the window in one of the upper rooms is a door, opening into a

recess in the wall capable of containing several persons standing upright side by side. Slindon House, between Arundel and Chichester, a seat of the present Leslie of Balquhain, is one of the most famous residences with secret chambers in this part of the country, and has long been looked on with much interest. There is, too, a secret room at Moyles Court, the house held by the unfortunate Lady Lisle, who, it may be remembered, died on the scaffold at Winchester, on the charge of concealing fugitives after the battle of Sedgemoor. Nor must we omit to mention Carew Castle, about six miles from Tenby, in which there is a secret hiding-place and passage constructed between the outer and inner walls of the dining-halls. It was built about the time of Henry I., and is described at some length in Fenton’s “Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire.” Of other instances in the west of England, Bochym Castle may be noticed, a curious old house in the district between Helston and the Lizard.

From Iron.

DEEP-SEA LIGHTHOUSES.

THE paper read by Mr. Chris Anderson, of Leeds, before the Society of Engineers on the construction of deep-sea lighthouses will, we hope, attract the attention it deserves. Mr. Anderson proposes to construct such lighthouses of hollow, riveted ironwork in the form of a large cylinder, about thirty-six feet in diameter, and two hundred and ninety feet in length, consisting of three essential parts. The upper portion, rising one hundred and forty feet out of the water, is to be similar, so far as shape, arrangement, and internal fittings are concerned, to the tower of an ordinary lighthouse. The central portion, about water-line, is to be packed with a material (such as corkwood) much lighter than water, and capable of forming a durable and unsinkable floating power. The lower portion, extending to one hundred and fifty feet below the water-line, is intended to counteract the force of wind and weather acting upon the tower, and as ballast to lower the centre of gravity of the whole structure to any desired extent. To this compartment water is admitted, and, if necessary, a quantity of iron ballast can also be employed. The lighthouse is to be erected complete in the shipbuilding yard, launched and towed out to its in-

tended site, where it will readily be made to assume its erect position by admitting water to the lower compartment. Having been properly floated and ballasted, it is to be securely attached by steel wire ropes two inches in diameter to anchor blocks weighing about two hundred tons each, sunk in suitable positions, so that in water one mile deep, each rope would be from two to three miles long. The proposed displacement is about two thousand tons, for which there would be no difficulty in providing adequate moorings. The structure is entirely dependent for its floating power upon the light material contained in the central division, and is consequently unsinkable even if damaged by collision with a ship or an iceberg. Owing to its peculiar form and arrangement, its stability is very great, so that, if forced from the perpendicular, it would instantly right itself with great power. The author has calculated that a hurricane moving with a velocity of one hundred miles per hour, equivalent to a pressure of fifty pounds per square foot, will only cause a deviation of ten degrees from the perpendicular. Against this it is to be noticed that the sag of the mooring-ropes will form a most effective spring to control any tendency to oscillation. As the whole mass of the structure is comparatively great, and the area exposed to the lifting force of waves very small indeed, it is thought the rising and falling

motion caused by passing waves will be almost inappreciable. The extreme desirability and increasing necessity for lighthouses and telegraphic stations in mid-ocean is universally admitted. The following important objects to be attained by their construction may be briefly stated: (1.) For meteorological purposes, as from a station say one thousand miles from our shores, a storm-warning from the Atlantic could be sent thirty-six hours in advance, and a yearly saving of many million pounds' worth of maritime property and of hundreds of human lives thereby effected. (2.) Shipowners could be apprised of the passage and condition of their vessels, and could forward messages to the same *en route*. (3.) To afford rendezvous for vessels in distress or shipwrecked crews. The author also proposes to employ similar lighthouses on a smaller scale for coast service. The immense saving of life and property which would result around the shores of the United Kingdom would be sufficient in one year alone to recoup their cost many times over. As we pride ourselves on being an eminently seafaring nation, it should follow that the above invention, which certainly tends towards rendering navigation safer, and communication with ships in distress easier, would receive more than ordinary support. The scheme is ingenious, and, we think, perfectly practicable.

THE EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.—In the Jacobean age the *herse* was a stage of wood, with sable drapery, set up in the centre of the church to support the coffin during the funeral, and afterwards removed to stand over the grave in the chancel or chapel until the marble *tomb* was ready to replace it. While the *herse* was so standing, a poetic mourner might lay upon it a scroll containing appropriate verse. Such a written scroll was an *epitaph*.

In October, 1621, William Browne laid upon the *herse* of the Countess Dowager of Pembroke, then standing in Salisbury Cathedral, an epitaph—a scroll in which he had written these very lines, without stops or signature:—

Underneath this sable Herse
Lyes the subject of all verse
Sydneyes sister Pembrokes mother
Death ere thou hast slaine another
Faile & learn'd & good as she
Tyme shall throw a Dart at thee

Marble Pyles let no man raise
To her name for after dayes
Some kind woman borne as she
Reading this like Niobe
Shall turn Marble & become
Both her Mourner and her Tombe

Collectors of such pieces wrote this, often from imperfect memory, in their books.

In 1650 William Browne wrote in a book some of his shorter poems, among them this epitaph, and signed his name thereto, eight years before any version of the epitaph appeared in print, and one hundred and six years before Peter Whalley, editing Ben Jonson's works, claimed it for that poet.

William Browne's book is in the British Museum, Lansd. MS. 777. In 1815 it was privately printed by Sir Egerton Brydges, who, however, fancifully rearranged the poems, and did not understand this epitaph.

HENRY SALUSBURY MILMAN.

Athenæum Club: Jan. 4, 1884.

Academy.